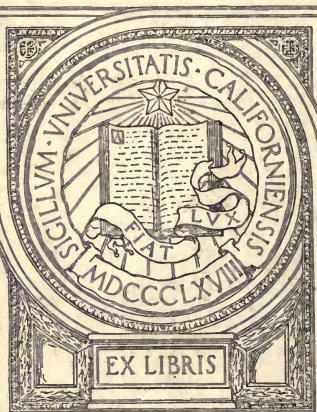
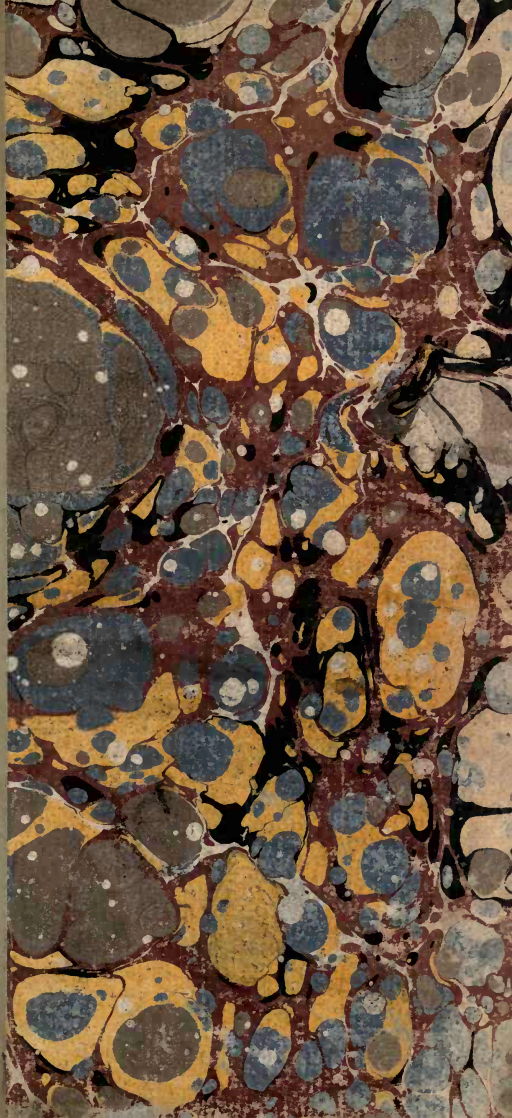
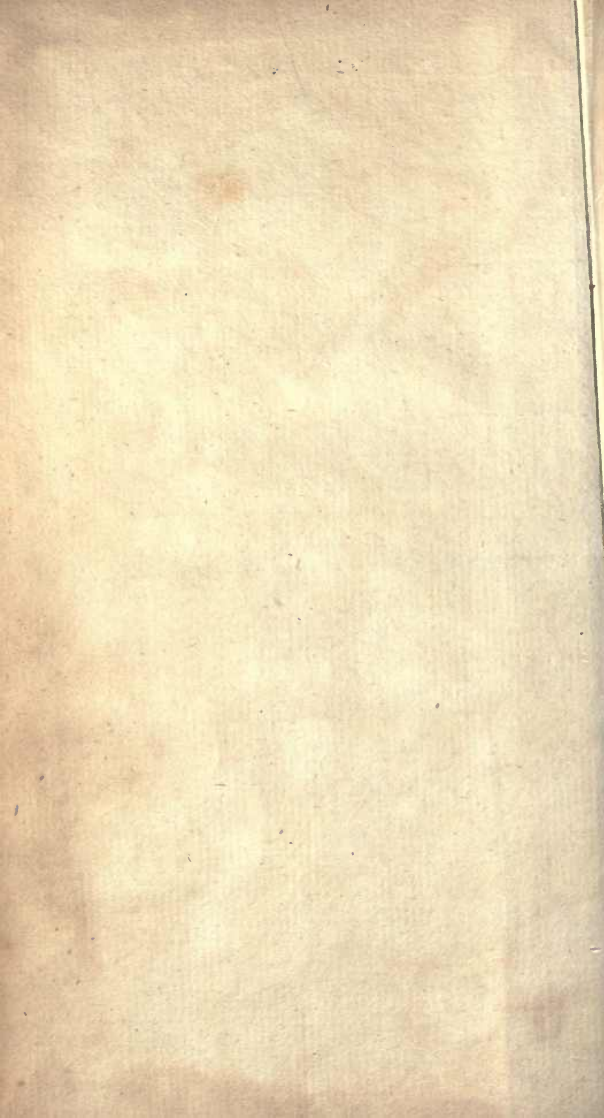


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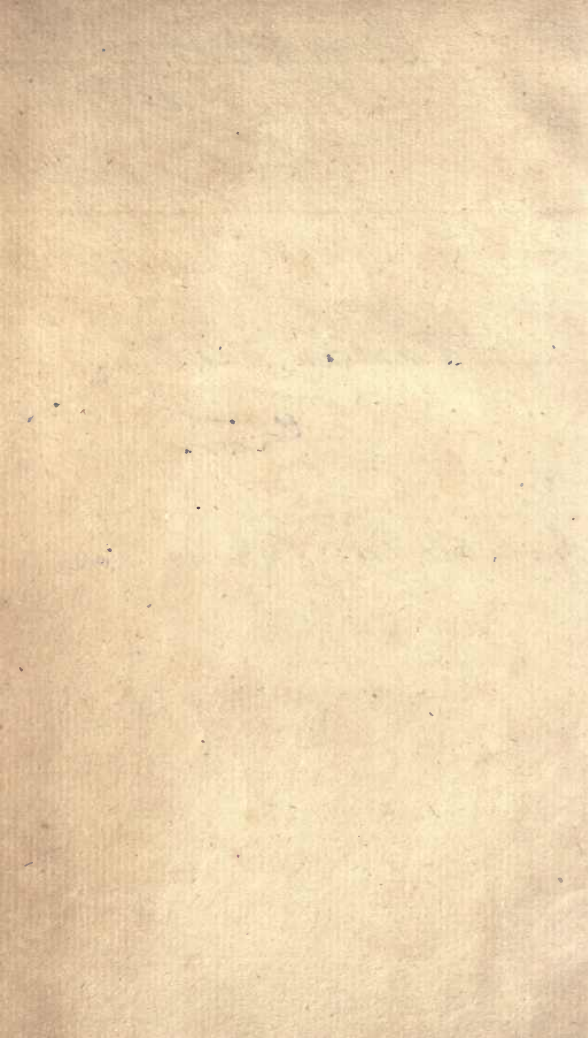


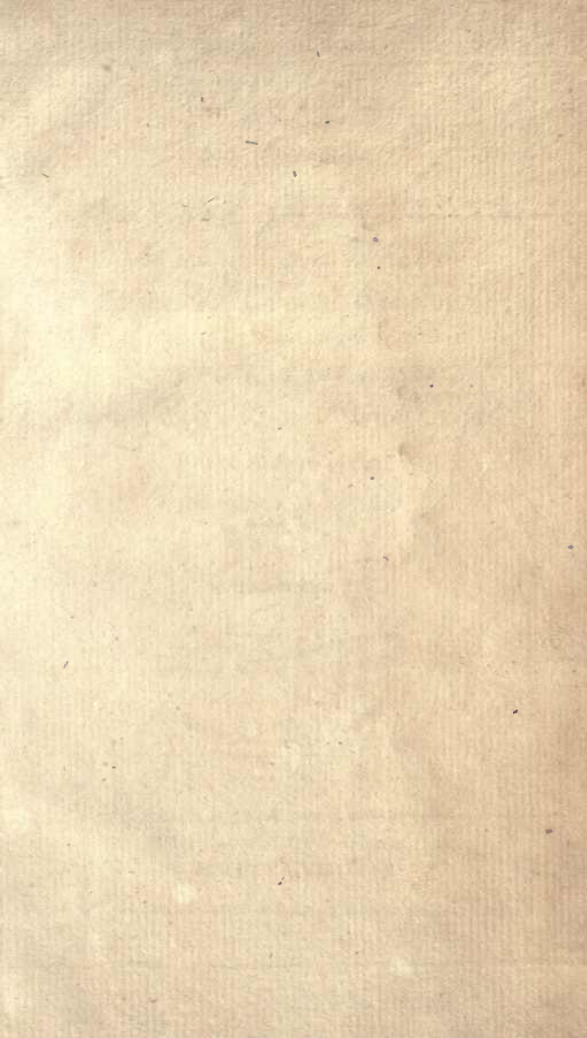


Henny Hopkingsham
1826.

Carrie Delloe
from

The
Honble Mrs. Claud Portman
1895





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Notes Critical and Illustrative;

By the Authors of the
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VOL. III.
Containing
Measure for Measure.
KING RICHARD 3^d.
Hamlet ; Tempest
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

(LONDON)
Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange
in the Strand, and C. Sherington at York.
— MDCCLXXIII. —



PR
2752
B41
1774
v. 3

RICHARD III.

Act I.

Scene II.



Take up thy sword again, or take up me.

Published according to Act of Parliament May 28. 1773.

King RICHARD the THIRD,

A TRAGEDY, by SHAKESPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Regulated from the PROMPT-BOOK,

With PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

An INTRODUCTION, and NOTES
CRITICAL and ILLUSTRATIVE,

ARE ADDED BY THE

AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand;
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCLXXIII.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no passage or personage in English History, better chosen for the drama, than what we find in the following piece; whatever doubts may arise as to the real character and figure of our Third Richard, Shakespeare was most undoubtedly right to make him a confirmed, uniform villain: nothing in the medium way would have been half so striking on the stage, and it was equally prudent to present him deformed in figure, as well as in mind; though the unities are grossly, yet they are almost imperceptibly, broken, in this play; the events appear so admirably connected with, and consequential to, each other: nature speaks in all the characters with plain, intelligible dignity; no bombast swells upon the ear, no improbability intrudes on belief; upon the whole it must always read well, but act better.

121 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
King HENRY,	Mr. REDDISH.	Mr. KNIVETON.
P. of WALES,	Miss ROGERS.	Master HARRIS.
D. of YORK,	Miss P. HOPKINS.	Master JONES.
D. of Glo's- TER,	Mr. GARRICK.	Mr. SMITH.
BUCKINGHAM,	Mr. JEFFERSON.	Mr. HULL.
RICHMOND,	Mr. AICKIN.	Mr. WROUGHTON.
NORFOLK,	Mr. HURST.	
RATCLIFF,	Mr. WRIGHT.	Mr. LEWES.
CATESBY,	Mr. PACKER.	Mr. DAVIS.
TRESSSEL,	Mr. CAUTHERLEY.	Mr. DYER.
OXFORD,	Mr. WHEELER.	
Lieut. of the Tower,	Mr. FAWCETT.	
BLUNT,	Mr. GRIFFITH.	
Lord Mayor,	Mr. BADDELEY.	
TIRREL,	Mr. WRIGHTEN.	
FOREST,	Mr. LINGS.	
DIGHTON.		
Queen,	Mrs. HOPKINS.	Miss MILLER.
Lady ANNE,	Miss YOUNGE.	Mrs. LESSINGHAM.
Dutchess of YORK.	Mrs. JOHNSTON.	

Gentlemen, Ladies, Guards, and Attendants.

THE

THE
 TRAGICAL HISTORY
 OF
 King RICHARD III*.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Garden in the Tower.*

Enter Lieutenant and Servant.

Lieut. **H**AS king Henry walk'd forth this morning?

Serv. No, sir, but it is near his hour.

Lieut. At any time when you see him here,
 Let no stranger into the garden;
 I would not have him star'd at—See, who's that,
 Now ent'ring at the gate? [*Knocking within.*]

Serv. Sir, the lord Stanley.

Lieut. Leave me—

[*Exit Serv.*]

Enter Lord Stanley.

My noble lord, you're welcome to the Tower:
 I heard last night you late arriv'd with news
 Of *Edward's* victory, to his joyful queen.

Stanley. Yes, sir, and I am proud to be the man
 That first brought home the last of civil-broils;
 The houses now of *York* and *Lancaster*,
 Like bloody brothers fighting for a birth-right,
 No more shall wound the parent that would part 'em:
Edward now sits secure on *England's* throne.

* This Tragedy being admirably altered from the original, by that excellent judge and ornament of the stage, *Colley Cibber*, we shall have few observations to make.

Lien. Near *Tewksbury*, my lord, I think they fought;
Has the enemy lost any men of note?

Stanley. Sir, I was posted home,
Ere an account was taken of the slain;
But as I left the field, a proclamation
From the king was made in search of *Edward*,
Son to your prisoner, king *Henry* the sixth,
Which gave reward to those discover'd him,
And him his life, if he'd surrender.

Lieut. That brave young prince, I fear, 's unlike his
father,
Too high of heart to brook submissive life:
This will be heavy news to *Henry's* ear,
For on this battle's cast, his all was set.

Stanley. King *Henry* and ill-fortune are familiar;
He ever threw with an indifferent hand,
But never yet was known to lose his patience;
How does he pass the time, in his confinement?

Lieut. As one whose wishes never reach'd a crown*;
The king seems dead in him—but, as a man,
He sighs sometimes in want of liberty.

Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wishes
That fate had bless'd him with an humbler birth,
Not to have felt the falling from a throne.

Stanley. Were it not possible to see this king?
They say he'll freely talk with *Edward's* friends,
And even treats them with respect and honour.

Lieut. This is his usual time of walking forth
(For he's allow'd the freedom of the garden)
After his morning prayer; he seldom fails;
Behind this arbour we unseen may stand
A while to observe him. [They retire.

Enter King Henry †.

K. Henry. By this time the decisive blow is struck,

* This descriptive preparation for *Henry's* appearance, is very happily expressed.

† The unfortunate monarch should be represented by a person of dignity, with features capable of expressing manly sorrow; a full but melodious voice.

Either

Either my queen and son are blest'd with victory,
 Or I'm the cause no more of civil broils.
 Would I were dead, if heaven's good-will were so;
 For what is in this world but grief and care?
 What noise and bustle do kings make to find it;
 When life's but a short chace, our game content,
 Which most pursu'd, is most compell'd to fly;
 And he that mounts him on the swiftest hope,
 Shall often run his courser to a stand:
 While the poor peasant from some distant hill,
 Undanger'd and at ease, views all the sport,
 And sees content take shelter in his cottage*.

Stanley. He seems extremely mov'd.

Lieut. Does he know you?

Stanley. No, nor wou'd I have him.

Lieut. We'll shew ourselves. [*They come forward.*]

K. Henry. Why, there's another check to proud
 ambition;

That man receiv'd his charge from me, and now
 I'm his prisoner—he locks me to my rest.
 Such an unlook'd for change who could suppose,
 That saw him kneel to kiss the hand that rais'd him;
 But that I should not now complain of,
 Since I to that, 'tis possible, may owe
 His civil treatment of me—'Morrow, Lieutenant.
 Is any news arriv'd—Who's that with you?

Lieut. A gentleman that came last night express
 From *Tewksbury*—We've had a battle.

K. Henry. Comes he to me with letters, or advice?

Lieut. Sir, he's king *Edward's* officer, your foe.

K. Henry. Then he won't flatter me—You're wel-
 come, sir;

Not less because you are king *Edward's* friend,
 For I have almost learn'd myself to be so;
 Could I but once forget I was a king,
 I might be truly happy, and his subject.
 You've gain'd a battle; is't not so?

* This is a most beautiful reflection expressed with much simple elegance.

Stanley.

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Stanley. We have, fir,—how, will reach your ear too soon.

K. Henry. If to my loss, it can't too soon—pray speak,

For fear makes mischief greater than it is.

My queen! my son! say, fir, are they living?

Stanley. Since my arrival, fir, another post
Came in, which brought us word your queen and son
Were prisoners now at *Tewkesbury*.

K. Henry. Heaven's will be done! the hunters have
'em now,

And I have only sighs and prayers to help 'em.

Stanley. King *Edward*, fir, depends upon his sword,

Yet prays heartily when the battle's won;

And soldiers love a bold and active leader.

Fortune, like women, will be close pursu'd;

The *English* are high mettled, fir, and 'tis

No easy part to fit 'em well—King *Edward*

Feels their temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him.

K. Henry. Alas! I thought them men, and rather
hop'd

To win their hearts by mildness than severity.

My soul was never form'd for cruelty:

In my eyes justice has seem'd bloody,

When on the city gates, I have beheld

A traitor's quarters parching in the sun,

My blood has turn'd with horror at the sight;

I took 'em down, and bury'd with his limbs

The memory of the dead man's deeds—Perhaps

That pity made me look less terrible,

Giving the mind of weak rebellion spirit;

For kings are put in trust for all mankind,

And when themselves take injuries, who is safe?

If so, I have deserv'd these frowns of fortune*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman brings a warrant,
For his access to king *Henry's* presence.

* It is undoubtedly as bad for a king to be too indolent and passive, as to be too ambitious and arbitrary.

Lieut.

KING RICHARD III.

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Lieut. I come to him.

Stanley. His business may require your privacy;
I'll leave you, sir, wishing you all the good
That can be wish'd—not wronging him I serve.

K. Henry. Farewel! [*Exeunt.*]
Who can this be! a sudden coldness,
Like the damp hand of death, has seiz'd my limbs;
I fear some heavy news?

Enter Lieutenant.

Who is it, good Lieutenant?

Lieut. A gentleman, sir, from *Tewksbury*—he seems
A melancholy messenger—for when I ask'd
What news, his answer was a deep-fetch'd sigh;
I would not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal. [*Exit.*]

Enter Tressel.

K. Henry. Fatal indeed! his brow's the title-page,
That speaks the nature of a tragic volume.
Say, friend, how does my queen! my son!
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe be gone,
Drew *Priam's* curtain in the dead of night;
And would have told him half his *Troy* was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my poor son's death ere thou relat'st it.
Now would'st thou say—your son did thus and thus,
And thus your queen! so fought the valiant *Oxford*;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;
But in the end, (to stop my ear indeed)
Thou hast a sigh, to blow away this praise,
Ending with—queen and son, and all are dead.

Tress. Your queen yet lives, and many of your friends,
But for my lord your son—

K. Henry. Why, he is dead!—yet speak, I charge
thee!

Tell thou thy master his suspicion lies,
And I will take it as a kind disgrace,

And

And thank thee well, for doing me such wrong.

Tref. Would it were wrong to say; but, sir, your fears are true.

K. Henry. Yet for all this, say not, my son is dead.

Tref. Sir, I am sorry I must force you to Believe, what would to heav'n I had not seen : But in this last battle near *Tewksbury*, Your son, whose active spirit lent a fire, Ev'n to the dullest peasant in our camp, Still made his way where danger stood to oppose him, A braver youth, of more courageous heat, Ne'er spur'd his courser at the trumpet's sound. But who can rule the uncertain chance of war ? In fine, king *Edward* won the bloody field, Where both your queen and son were made his prisoners.

K. Henry. Yet hold ! for oh ! this prologue lets me in To a most fatal tragedy to come.

Dy'd he a prisoner, say'st thou ? how ? By grief ? Or by the bloody hands of those that caught him ?

Tref. After the fight, *Edward* in triumph ask'd To see the captive prince—the prince was brought, Whom *Edward* roughly chid for bearing arms ; Asking what reparation he could make For having stirr'd his subjects to rebellion ? Your son, impatient of such taunts, reply'd, Bow like a subject, proud ambitious *York*, While I, now speaking with my father's mouth, Propose the self-same rebel words to thee, Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to : From these, more words arose ; till in the end King *Edward*, swell'd with what th' unhappy prince At such a time too freely spoke, his gauntlet In his young face with indignation struck. At which, crook'd *Richard*, *Clarence*, and the rest, Bury'd their fatal daggers in his heart. In bloody state I saw him on the earth, From whence with life he never more sprung up *.

* *Trefes*'s description is wrought up with a fine solemn climax of the pathos : indeed the whole scene merits strict attention.

K. Henry.

KING RICHARD III.

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K. Henry. Oh! had'st thou stabb'd at every word's deliverance,

Sharp poniards in my flesh while this was told,
Thy wounds had given less anguish than thy words.
Oh heav'ns! methinks I see my tender lamb
Gasping beneath the ravenous wolves fell gripe!
But say, did all—did they all strike him, say'st thou?

Tref. All, sir; but the first wound duke *Richard* gave.

K. Henry. There let him stop! be that his last of ills!
Oh barbarous act! unhospitable men!
Against the rigid laws of arms to kill him!
Was't not enough, his hope of birth-right gone,
But must your hate be level'd at his life?
Nor could his father's wrongs content you?
Nor could a father's grief dissuade the deed?
You have no children—(butchers if you had)
The thought of them would sure have stirr'd remorse.

Tref. Take comfort, sir, and hope a better day.

K. Henry. Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat?
Away—by heaven I shall abhor his sight,
Whoever bids me be of comfort more!
If thou wilt sooth my sorrows, then I'll thank thee;
Ay! now thou'rt kind indeed! these tears oblige me.

Tref. Alas! my lord, I fear more evils towards you.

K. Henry. Why, let it come, I scarce shall feel it now,

My present woes have beat me to the ground;
And my hard fate can make me fall no lower.
What can it be—give it its ugliest shape—
Oh my poor boy!

Tref. A word does that; it comes in *Glo'ster's* form.

K. Henry. Frightful indeed! give me the worst that threatens.

Tref. After the murder of your son, stern *Richard*,
As if unsated with the wounds he had given,
With unwash'd hands went from his friends in haste;
And

And being ask'd by *Clarence* of the cause,
 He, lowring, cry'd, Brother, I must to the Tower;
 I've business there; excuse me to the king:
 Before you reach the town, expect some news:
 This said, he vanish'd—and I hear's arriv'd.

K. Henry. Why then the period of my woes is set;
 For ills but thought by him, are half perform'd.

Enter Lieutenant, with an Order.

Lieut. Forgive me, sir, what I'm compell'd to obey.
 An order for your close confinement.

K. Henry. Whence comes it, good Lieutenant

Lieut. Sir, from the duke of *Glo'ster*.

K. Henry. Good-night to all then; I obey it
 And now, good friend, suppose me on my death-bed,
 And take of me thy last, short living leave.

Nay, keep thy tears till thou hast seen me dead:

And when in tedious winter nights, with good

Old folks, thou sitt'st up late

To hear 'em tell the dismal tales

Of times long past, ev'n now with woe remember'd,

Before thou bid'st good-night, to quit their grief,

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

And send thy hearers weeping to their beds. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Glo'ster *.*

Glo'st. Now are our brows bound with victorious
 wreaths †,

* We think these lines which begin the speech in *Shakespeare*
 are worthy notice:

Now is the winter of our discontent

Made glorious summer by the sun of York;

And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house,

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

† Some lines from the original have been judiciously restored
 in this speech by *Mr. Garrick*; whoever have seen the great actor
 just now mentioned, feelingly know what are the proper and per-
 fect requisites for this difficult, complicate character; to others less
 happy, we say that *Richard* as to figure is artificially made; but
 his eyes should be spirited, his features flexible and full of deep
 design; his voice powerful, and his action vigorous.

Our

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
 Our stern alarms are chang'd to merry meetings;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures:
 Grim-visag'd war has smooch'd his wrinkled front,
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute:
 But I, that am not made for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an am'rous looking glass,
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time,
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by 'em;
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away my hours,
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on my own deformity:
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, and o'erbear such
 As are of happier person than myself;
 Why then to me this restless world's but hell,
 Till this mis-shapen trunk's aspiring head
 Be circled in a glorious diadem—
 But then 'tis fix'd on such a height; oh! I
 Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul.
 I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,
 And my first step shall be on *Henry's* head.

[Exit.

SCENE, a Chamber in the Tower.

*King HENRY sleeping.**Enter Lieutenant.*

Lieut. Asleep so soon! but sorrow minds no seasons.
 The morning, noon, and night, with her's the same;

VOL. III.

C

She's

14 KING RICHARD III.

She's fond of any hour that yields repose.

K. Henry. Who's there! Lieutenant! is it you?
Come hither!

Lieut. You shake, my lord, and look affrighted.

K. Henry. Oh! I have had the fearfull'st dream!
Such sights,

That, as I live,

I would not pass another hour so dreadful,
Tho' 'twere to buy a world of happy days.
Reach me a book—I'll try if reading can
Divert these melancholy thoughts.

Enter Glo'ster.

* *Glo'st.* Good day, my lord; what, at your book so
hard?

I disturb you.

K. Henry. You do, indeed.

Glo'st. Friend, leave us to ourselves, we must confer.

K. Henry. What bloody scene has *Roscius* now to act?

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

Glo'st. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief does fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. Where thieves without controlment rob
and kill,

The traveller does fear each bush a thief:
The poor bird that has been already lim'd,
With trembling wings misdoubts of every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
By whom my young one bled, was caught, and kin'd!

Glo'st. Why, what a peevish fool was that of *Crete*,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet for all his wings, the fool was drown'd:
Thou should'st have taught thy boy his prayers alone,
And then he had not broke his neck with climbing.

K. Henry. Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not thy
words;

* This conference, and the soliloquy which concludes the Act,
let us fully and properly into *Richard's* character.

KING RICHARD III.

16

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that piercing story;
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo'st. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Henry. If murdering innocents be executing,
Then thou'rt the worst of executioners.

Glo'st. Thy son I kill'd, for his presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst
presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine :
But thou wert born to massacre mankind.
How many old men's sighs, and widows' moans ;
How many orphans water-standing eyes,
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands fate,
And children for their parents' timeless death,
Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born !
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign !
The night-crow cry'd, foreboding luckless time ;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees ;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung ;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wert born,
Which plainly said, thou cam'st to bite mankind ;
And if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo'st. I'll hear no more—Die, prophet, in thy speech ;
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd. [*Stabs him.*]

K. Henry. Oh ! and for much more slaughter alters
this ;

Just heav'n forgive my sins, and pardon thee ! [*Dies.*]

Glo'st. What ! will the aspiring blood of *Lancaster*
Sink in the ground ?—I thought it would have mouned.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.

Oh, may such purple tears be always shed,
From those that wish the downfall of our house !

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither ;

I that have neither pity, love, nor fear :

Indeed, 'tis true, what *Henry* told me of;
 For I have often heard my mother say,
 I came into the world with my legs forward;
 The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
 Good heaven bless us! he is born with teeth!
 And so I was, which plainly signified,
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
 Then since the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it;
 I have no brother, am like no brother,
 And this word Love, which grey-beards call divine,
 Be resident in men, like one another,
 And not in me—I am—myself alone.
Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light;
 But if I fail not in my deep intent,
 Thou'lt not another day to live; which done,
 Heav'n take the weak king *Edward* to his mercy,
 And leave the world for me to bustle in.
 But soft—I'm sharing spoil, before the field is won.
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and reigns,
 When they are gone, then I must count my gains.

[Exit. *

* This Act depends a good deal on manly Pathos; at the same time, *Richard's* character is extremely well opened in it.

A C T II.

S C E N E, St. Paul's.

Enter Tressel, meeting Lord Stanley.

Tres. MY lord, your servant; pray what brought you to St. Paul's?

Stanley. I came among the crowd, to see the corpse
 Of poor king *Henry*; 'tis a dismal sight:
 But yesterday I saw him in the Tower;
 His talk is still so fresh within my memory,
 That I could weep to think how fate has us'd him.
 I wonder where's duke *Richard's* policy,

In

In suffering him to lie expos'd to view;
Can he believe that men will love him for't?

Tref. O yes, sir, love him, as he loves his brothers.
When was you with king *Edward*, pray, my lord?
I hear he leaves his food, is melancholy;
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Stanley. 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover.
Shall we to court, and hear more news of him?

Tref. I am oblig'd to pay attendance here:
The lady *Anne* has licence to remove
King *Henry's* corpse to be interr'd at *Chertsey*;
And I'm engag'd to follow her.

Stanley. Mean you king *Henry's* daughter-in-law?

Tref. The same, sir, widow to the late prince *Edward*,
Whom *Glo'ster* kill'd at *Tewksbury*.

Stanley. Alas! poor lady, she's severely us'd;
And yet I hear *Richard* attempts her love:
Methinks the wrongs he's done her might discourage him.

Tref. Neither those wrongs, nor his own shape, can
fright him:

He sent for leave to visit her, this morning,
And she was forc'd to keep her bed to avoid him:
But see, she is arriv'd—Will you along
To see this doleful ceremony?

Stanley. I'll wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. 'Twas her excuse to avoid me.—Alas!

She keeps no bed—

She has health enough to progress far as *Chertsey*,

Tho' not to bear the sight of me.

I cannot blame her—

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb*,

And, for I should not deal in his soft laws,

He did corrupt frail nature with a bribe,

To shrink my arm up like a wither'd shrub,

To make an envious mountain on my back,

* It is very natural to make a deformed man, though he does not like to hear mention of his deformity from other people, ruminate on it, himself.

18 KING RICHARD III.

Where fits deformity to mock my body ;
 'To shape my legs of an unequal size,
 To disproportion me in every part.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd?
 Oh monstrous thought ! more vain than my ambition.

Enter Lieutenant hastily.

Lieut. My lord, I beg your grace—
Glo'st. Be gone, fellow ! I'm not at leisure,
Lieut. My lord, the king your brother's taken ill.
Glo'st. I'll wait on him : leave me, friend.
 Ha ! *Edward* taken ill !
 Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
 That from his loins no more young brats may rise,
 To cross me in the golden time I look for.

SCENE *draws, and discovers Lady Anne in mourning,*
Lord Stanley, Tressel, Guards and Bearers, with King
Henry's body.

But see ! my love appears—Look where she shines,
 Darting pale lustre, like the silver moon,
 Thro' her dark veil of rainy sorrow !
 So mourn'd the dame of *Ephesus* her love ;
 And thus the foldier, arm'd with resolution,
 Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
 'Tis true, my form perhaps may little move her,
 But I've a tongue shall wheedle with the devil :
 Yet hold, she mourns the man that I have kill'd.
 First let her sorrows take some vent—stand here,
 I'll take her passion in its wain, and turn
 This storm of grief to gentle drops of pity,
 For his repentant murderer. [*He retires.*]

L. Anne. Hung be the heav'ns with black ; yield day
 to night ;
 Comets importing change of times and states,
 Brandish your fiery tresses in the sky,
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
 That have consented to king *Henry's* death.
 Oh be accurs'd the hand that shed his blood,

Accurs'd

Accurst the head that had the heart to do it;
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the life of him,
 Than I am now by *Edward's* death and thine.

Glo'st. Poor girl, what pains she takes to curse herself!
 [Aside.]

La. Anne. If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious and untimely brought to light;
 Whose hideous form, whose most unnatural aspect,
 May fright the hopeful mother at her view,
 And that be heir to his unhappiness.
 Now on to *Chertsey*, with your sacred load.

Glo'st. Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set it down.

La. Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo'st. Villains, set down the corpse, or, by *St. Paul*,
 I'll make a corpse of him that disobeys.

Guard. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo'st. Unmanner'd slave! stand thou when I command.

Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
 Or, by *St. Paul*, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

La. Anne. Why dost thou haunt him thus, unsated fiend?
 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body;
 His soul thou canst not reach, therefore be gone.

Glo'st. Sweet saint, be not so hard, for charity.

La. Anne. If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

Why didst thou do this deed? could not the laws
 Of man, of nature, nor of heaven, dissuade thee?
 No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo'st. If want of pity be a crime so hateful,
 Whence is it thou, fair excellence, art guilty?

La. Anne. What means the slanderer?

Glo'st. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
 Of these my crimes suppos'd, to give me leave,
 By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

La. Anne. Then take that sword, whose bloody point
 still reeks
 With

With *Henry's* life, with my lov'd lord's, young *Edward's*,
And here let out thy own, to appease their ghosts.

Glo'st. By such despair I should accuse myself.

La. Anne. Why by despairing only canst thou stand
excus'd?

Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo'st. I grant ye.

La. Anne. Oh! he was gentle, loving, mild, and vir-
tuous;

But he's in heav'n, where thou canst never come.

Glo'st. Was I not kind to send him thither, then?

He was much fitter for that place than earth.

La. Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Glo'st. Yes, one place else—if you will bear me
name it.

La. Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo'st. Your bed-chamber.

La. Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou ly'st.

Glo'st. So it will, madam, till I lie in yours.

La. Anne. I hope so.

Glo'st. I know so. But, gentle lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our tongues,
And fall to something a more serious method;
Is not th' causer of the untimely deaths,
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the executioner?

La. Anne. Thou wert the cause, and most accur'd
effect.

Glo'st. Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
Your beauty! that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in that soft bosom!

La. Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These hands should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo'st. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
wreck;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is nourish'd by the sun,
So I by that—It is my day! my life!

La. Anne. I would it were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo'st.

KING RICHARD III. 23

Glo'st. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To wish revenge on him that loves thee.

La. Anne. Say rather 'tis my duty,
To seek revenge on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo'st. Fair creature, he that kill'd thy husband,
Did it to—help thee to a better husband.

La. Anne. His better does not breathe upon the earth.

Glo'st. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

La. Anne. Name him.

Glo'st. *Plantagenet.*

La. Anne. Why that was he.

Glo'st. The self-same name, but one of softer nature.

La. Anne. Where is he?

Glo'st. Ah; take more pity in thy eyes, and see
him—here.

La. Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee
dead.

Glo'st. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death;
Darting, with cruel aim, despair and love;
I never sued to friend or enemy;
My tongue could never learn soft smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

La. Anne. Is there a tongue on earth can speak for
thee?

Why dost thou court my hate *?

Tref. Where will this end? she frowns upon him yet.

Stanley. But yet she hears him in her frowns—I fear
him.

Glo'st. Oh teach not thy soft lip such cold contempt—
If thy relentless heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the honest soul out, that adores thee;

* In this scene of strange courtship, the hypocrisy of a designing man, and the credulity of a weak woman, are finely depicted; though the latter seems rather too highly finished. *Richard's* looks, action, and utterance, through this masterly scene, should be more than commonly plausible.

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg that death upon my knee.

La. Anne. What shall I say or do! direct me, heav'n:
When stones weep, sure the tears are natural;
And heaven itself instructs us to forgive,
When they do flow from a sincere repentance.

Glo'st. Nay, do not pause, for I did kill king *Henry*,
But 'twas thy wondrous beauty did provoke me;
Or, now dispatch—'twas I that stabb'd young *Edward*,
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on:
And I might still persist (so stubborn is
My temper) to rejoice at what I've done;
But that thy powerful eyes (as roaring seas
Obey the changes of the moon) have turn'd
My heart, and made it flow with penitence.

[She drops the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

La. Anne. No, tho' I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo'st. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

La. Anne. I have already.

Glo'st. That was in thy rage;
Say it again, and even with thy word
This guilty hand, that robb'd thee of thy love,
Shall, for thy love, revenge thee on thy lover.
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Tres. By heav'n she wants the heart to bid him do't.

Stanley. What think you now, sir?

Tres. I'm struck! I scarce can credit what I see.

Stanley. Why, you see—a woman.

Tres. When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history.

Glo'st. What, not a word to pardon, or condemn me?
But thou art wise—and canst with silence kill me:
Yet ev'n in death my fleeting soul pursues thee;
Dash not the tears of penitence away—

La. Anne. Would't thou not blame me, to forgive thy
crimes?

Glo'st. They're not to be forgiven; no, not even
Penitence can atone 'em—Oh misery

Of thought! that strikes me with at once repentance,
And despair—tho' unpardon'd, yield me pity.

La. Anne. Would I knew thy heart.

Glo'st. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

La. Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo'st. Then never man was true.

La. Anne. Put up thy sword.

Glo'st. Say then, my peace is made.

La. Anne. That shalt thou know, hereafter.

Glo'st. But shall I live in hope?

La. Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo'st. I swear, bright saint, I am not what I was.

Those eyes have turn'd my stubborn heart to woman;

Thy goodness makes me soft in penitence,

And my harsh thoughts are turn'd to peace and love.

Oh! if thy poor devoted servant might

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou would'st confirm his happiness, for ever.

La. Anne. What is't?

Glo'st. That it may please thee, leave these sad designs,
To him that has most cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to *Crosby* house;

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At *Chertsey* monast'ry this injur'd king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,

I will with all expedient duty see you:

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you

Grant me this favour.

La. Anne. I do, my lord—and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and *Stanley*, go along with me.

Glo'st. Bid me farewell.

La. Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve.

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell, already. [Exit.

Guard. Towards *Chertsey*, my lord?

Glo'st. No, to *White-Fryers*; there attend my coming.

[Exit Guards, with the body.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
 What! I that kill'd her husband and his father,
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
 Having heav'n, her conscience, and these bars against me,
 And I no friends to back my suit withal,
 But the plain devil, and dissembling looks!
 And yet to win her! all the world to nothing!
 Can she abase her beauteous eyes on me,
 Whose all not equals *Edward's* moiety?
 On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus!
 My dukedom to a widow's chastity,
 I do mistake my person, all this while:
 Upon my life! she finds, altho' I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll have my chambers lin'd with looking-glasses;
 And entertain a score or two of taylors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body.
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost;
 But first, I'll turn St. *Harry* to his grave,
 And then return lamenting to my love.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I salute my glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pais,

*Exit.*SCENE, *the Presence.*

Enter * Buckingham *hastily, meeting Lord Stanley.*

Buck. Did you see the duke?

Stanley. What duke, my lord?

Buck. His grace of *Glo'ster*, did you see him?

Stanley. Not lately, my lord—I hope no ill news.

Buck. The worst that heart e'er bore, or tongue can utter,

Edward the king, his royal brother, 's dead!

* *Buckingham* should look like a man of quality, and speak like a man of sense; little more is wanted.

Stanley.

Stanley. 'Tis sad indeed—I wish, by your impatience
To acquaint him tho', you think it so to him: [*Aside.*
Did the king, my lord, make any mention
Of a protector for his crown and children?

Buck. He did—Duke *Richard* has the care of both.

Stanley. That sad news you are afraid to tell him too. [*Aside.*

Buck. He'll spare no toil, I'm sure, to fill his place.

Stanley. Pray heav'n he's not too diligent. [*Aside.*
My lord—Is not that the dutchess of *York*.

The king's mother? coming, I fear, to visit him.

Buck. 'Tis she—little thinking what has befall'n us.

Enter Dutcheß of York.

Dut. of York. Good day, my lords; how takes the
king his rest?

Buck. Alas! madam, too well—he sleeps for ever.

Dut. of York. Dead! Good heav'n, support me!

Buck. Madam, 'twas my unhappy lot to hear
His last departing groans, and close his eyes.

Dut. of York. Another taken from me, too! why, just
heav'n,

Am I still left the last in life and woe?

First I bemoan'd a noble husband's death,

Yet liv'd with looking on his images*:

But now my last support is gone—first *Clarence*,

Now *Edward* is for ever taken from me:

And I must now of force sink down with sorrow.

Buck. Your youngest son, the noble *Richard*, lives:

His love, I know, will feel his mother's cares,

And bring new comfort to your latter days.

Dut. of York. 'Twere new indeed! for yet of him
I've none,

Unless a churlish disposition may

Be counted from a child a mother's comfort.

Where is the queen, my lord?

Buck. I left her with her kinsmen, deep in sorrow,

Who have with much ado persuaded her

To leave the body—Madam, they are here.

* A beautiful maternal idea this; finding a palliation for the
loss of a husband, in his surviving semblance.

*Enter * Queen, Rivers, and Dorset.*

Queen. Why do you thus oppose my grief? unless,
To make me rave, and weep, the faster? ha!
My mother too in tears! fresh sorrow strikes
My heart, at sight of every friend that lov'd
My *Edward* living—Oh, mother, he's dead!
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!
Oh! that my eyes could weep away my soul,
Then I might follow worthy of his hearse.

Stanley. Your duty, madam, of a wife, is dead,
And now the mother's only claims your care.
Think on the prince your son—send for him straight,
And let his coronation clear your eyes.
Bury your griefs in the dead *Edward's* grave,
Revive your joys on living *Edward's* throne.

Queen. Alas! that thought but adds to my afflictions.
New tears for *Edward* gone, and fears for *Edward*
living;

An helpless child in his minority,
Is in the trust of his stern uncle *Glo'ster*;
A man that frowns on me, and all of mine.

Buck. Judge not so hardly, madam, of his love;
Your son will find in him a father's care.

Enter Glo'ster behind.

Glo'st. Why, ay! these tears look well—Sorrow's the
mode,

And every one at court must wear it now:
With all my heart; I'll not be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Queen. My lord, just heaven knows, I never hated

Glo'ster:

But would on any terms embrace his friendship.

Buck. These words would make him weep—I know
him yours:

See where he comes in sorrow for our loss.

Glo'st. My lords, good-morrow—Cousin of *Buckingham*,
I am yours. [*Weeps.*

Buck. Good morning to your grace.

* This queen should have an elegant figure, with very pathetic
expression.

Glo'st.

Glo'st. Methinks, *Enter Queen*
We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

Buck. We may remember—but our argument
Is now too mournful to admit much talk.

Glo'st. It is, indeed! Peace be with him that made it so!
Sister, take comfort—'tis true, we've all cause
To mourn the dimming of our shining star;
But sorrow never could revive the dead;
And, if it could, hope would prevent our tears;
So we must weep because we weep in vain.
Madam, my mother—I do cry you mercy,
My grief was blind—I did not see your grace.
Most humbly on my knee I crave your blessing*.

Dut. of York. Thou hast it, and may thy charitable
Heart and tongue love one another! may heav'n
Endow thy breast with meekness and obedience!

Glo'st. Amen, and make me die a good old man!
That's the old but-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her grace did leave it out. *[Aside.]*

Buck. My lords, I think 'twere fit that now prince
Edward
Forthwith from *Ludlow* should be sent for home,
In order to his coronation.

Glo'st. By all means, my lords—Come, let's in to
council,
And appoint who shall be the messengers:
Madam, and you, my sister, please you go
To give your sentiments on this occasion.

Queen. My lord, your wisdom needs no help from me,
My glad content you have in all that's just;
Or for the people's good, tho' I suffer by't.

Glo'st. Please you to retire, madam; we shall propose
What you'll not think the people's wrong nor yours.

Queen. May heaven prosper all your good intent!
[Exeunt all but Glo'ster and Buck.]

Glo'st. Amen, with all my heart—for mine's the crown;
And is not that a good one—ha! pray'd she not well,
cousin?

* *Glo'ster's* hypocrisy is admirably supported through this scene,
and should be strongly characterised by the actor.

Buck. I hope the prophesy'd—you now stand fair.

Glo'st. Now, by *St. Paul*, I feel it here—methinks
The massy weight on't galls my laden brow:
What think'st thou, coulin, wert not an easy matter
To get lord *Stanley's* hand to help it on?

Buck. My lord, I doubt that; for his father's sake,
He loves the prince too well; he'll scarce be won
To any thing against him.

Glo'st. Poverty, the reward of honest fools,
O'ertake him for't!—What think'st thou then of *Hast-*
ings?

Buck. He shall be try'd, my lord—I'll find out *Catesby*.
Who shall at subtle distance sound his thoughts:
But we must still suppose the worst may happen:
What if we find him cold in our design?

Glo'st. Chop off his head—something we'll soon
determine;

But haste, and find out *Catesby*,
'That done, follow me to the council-chamber;
We'll not be seen together much, nor have
It known that we confer in private—therefore
Away, good coulin.

Buck. I am gone, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Glo'st. Thus far we run before the wind;
My fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare ask.
'The conquer'd lady *Ann* is bound in vows;
Fast as the priest can make us, we are one.
'The king my brother sleeps without his pillow,
And I'm left guardian of his infant heir.
Let me see—

The prince will soon be here—let him! the crown!
Oh yes! he shall have twenty; globes and scepters, too.
New ones made to play withal—but no coronation—
No, nor any court-flies about him—no kinsmen.
Hold ye—where shall he keep his court? The Tower?
Ay—the Tower.

*Exit.**

* The second Act contains a great deal of regular interesting matter, and never can be flat, but through deficient performance.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Palace.*

Enter Prince Edward, Glo'ster, Buckingham, Lord Stanley, Tressel, and Attendants.

Glo'st. **N**OW, my royal cousin, welcome to *London*:
Welcome to all those honour'd dignities,
Which by your father's will, and by your birth,
You stand the undoubted heir possess'd of:
And, if my plain simplicity of heart
May take the liberty to shew itself,
You're farther welcome to your uncle's care
And love—Why do you sigh, my lord?
The weary way has made you melancholy.

P. Ed. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way,
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here, to welcome me!

Tres. More uncles! what means his highness?

Stanley. Why, sir, the careful duke of *Glo'ster* has
Secur'd his kinsmen on the way—*Lord Rivers, Grey,*
Sir Thomas Vaughan, and others of his friends,
Are prisoners now in *Pomfret* castle;
On what pretence it boots not—there they are,
Let the devil and the duke alone to accuse 'em.

Glo'st. My lord, the mayor of *London* comes to
greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Ld. Mayor. Vouchsafe, most gracious sovereign, to
accept

The general homage of your loyal city:
We farther beg your royal leave to speak
In deep condolment of your father's loss;
And, as far as our true sorrow would permit,
To congratulate your accession to the throne.

P. Ed. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.
Alas, my youth is yet unfit to govern.

Therefore the sword of justice is in abler hands :

But be assur'd of this, so much already

I perceive I love you, that tho' I know not yet

To do you offices of good ; yet this I know,

I'll sooner die, than basely do you wrong.

Glo'st. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

[*Aside.*]

P. Ed. My lords,

I thought my mother, and my brother *York*,

Would long ere this have met us on the way :

Say, uncle *Glo'ster*, if our brother come,

Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo'st. Where it shall seem best to your royal self.

May I advise you, sir, some day or two

Your highness shall repose you at the Tower ;

Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

P. Ed. Why at the Tower ? But be it as you please.

Buck. My lord—your brother's grace of *York*.

*Enter Duke and Dutcheſs of York.**

P. Ed. *Richard* of *York* ! how fares our dearest brother ?

[*Embracing.*]

D. of York. Oh, my dear lord ! So I must call you, now.

P. Ed. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.

Too soon he dy'd who might have better worn

That title, which in me will lose its majesty.

Glo'st. How fares our cousin, noble lord of *York* ?

D. of York. Thank you kindly, dear uncle—Oh my lord,

You said that idle weeds were fast in growth ;

The king my brother has out-grown me far.

Glo'st. He has, my lord.

D. of York. And therefore is he idle ?

Glo'st. Oh, pretty cousin, I must not say so.

* The duke of *York's* part is so well written, that even a tolerable child must gain great applause, and, though somewhat ludicrous, is not at all censurable, being highly natural.

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D. of York. Nay, uncle, I don't believe the saying's true,
For, if it were, you'd be an idle weed.

Glo'st. How so, cousin?

D. of York. Because I have heard folks say, you grew so fast,

Your teeth would gnaw a crust at two hours old:
Now 'twas two years ere I could get a tooth.

Glo'st. Indeed! I find the brat is taught this lesson—
Aside.

Who told thee this, my pretty merry cousin?

D. of York. Why, your nurse, uncle.

Glo'st. My nurse, child! she was dead 'fore thou wert born.

D. of York. If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me.

Glo'st. So subtle, too—'tis pity thou art short-liv'd.
[Aside.]

P. Ed. My brother, uncle, will be cross in talk.

Glo'st. Oh, fear not, my lord: we shall never quarrel.

P. Ed. I hope your grace knows how to bear with him—

D. of York. You mean to bear me—not to bear with me—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:

Because that I am little like an ape, .

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders,

P. Ed. Fye, brother, I have no such meaning.

Stanley. With what a sharp, provided wit he reasons:
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

Tref. So cunning and so young is wonderful!

Glo'st. My lord, wilt please you pass along?

Myself and my good cousin of Buckingham,

Will to your mother, to intreat of her

To meet and bid you welcome at the Tower.

D. of York. What! will you go to the Tower, my dear lord?

P. Ed. My Lord Protector will have it so.

D. of York. I shant't sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo'st. I'll warrant you—King Henry lay there,
And he sleeps in quiet.
[Aside.]
P. Ed.

32 KING RICHARD, III.

P. Ed. What should you fear, brother?

D. of York. My uncle *Clarence*'s ghost, my lord;
My grandmother told me he was kill'd there.

P. Ed. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo'st. Nor any, sir, that live, I hope.

P. Ed. I hope so too—but come, my lords,
To the Tower, since it must be so.

[*Exeunt all but Glo'ster and Buckingham.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating *York*
Was not instructed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo'st. No doubt; no doubt; oh, 'tis a shrewd young
master;

Stubborn, bold, quick, forward, and capable!
He is all the mother's, from the top to the toe:
But let them rest—now what says *Catesby*?

Buck. My lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and
He's here himself to inform you.

Enter Catesby.

Glo'st. So, *Catesby*—hast thou been tampering?
What news?

Catesby. My lord, according to th' instruction given me,
With words at distance dropt, I sounded *Hastings*,
Piercing how far he did affect your purpose;
To which indeed I found him cold, unwilling;
The sum is this—he seem'd a while to understand me not.
At length, from plainer speaking urg'd to answer,
He said in heat, rather than wrong the head
To whom the crown was due, he'd lose his own.

Glo'st. Indeed! his own then answer for that saying:
He shall be taken care of—mean while, *Catesby*,
Be thou near me—Cousin of *Buckingham*,
Let's lose no time—the mayor and citizens
Are now at busy meeting in *Guild-Hall*:
Thither I'd have you haste, immediately,
And at your meetest vantage of the time,
Improve those hints I gave you late to speak of:
But above all, infer the bastardy
Of *Edward*'s children;

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,

As

As if myself might wear the golden fee,
For which I plead.

Glo'st. If you thrive well, bring 'em to see me here,
Where you shall find me seriously employ'd,
With the most learned fathers of the church.

Buck. I fly, my lord, to serve you.

Glo'st. To serve thyself, my cousin;
For look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of *Hereford*, and all those moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I shall remember that your grace was bountiful.

Glo'st. Cousin, I have said it.

Buck. I am gone, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Glo'st. So, I've secur'd my cousin here. These move-
ables

Will never let his brains rest, till I'm king.
Catesby, go you with speed to doctor *Shaw*,
And thence, to friar *Beuker*—bid 'em both
Attend me here, within an hour at farthest;
Mean while my private orders shall be given,

[*Exit Catesby.*

To lock out all admittance to the princes.
Now, by *St. Paul*, the work goes bravely on.
How many frightful stops would conscience make,
In some soft heads, to undertake like me?
Come, this conscience is a convenient scare-crow *;
It guards the fruit which priests and wise men taste,
Who never set it up to fright themselves;
They know 'tis rags, and gather in the face on't;
While half-starv'd shallow daws thro' fear are honest.
Why were laws made, but that we're rogues by nature?
Conscience! 'tis our coin, we live by parting with it;
And he thrives best, that has the most to spare.
The protesting lover buys hope with it,
And the deluded virgin short-liv'd pleasure:
Old grey-beards cram their avarice with it;
Your lank-jaw'd hungry judge will dine upon't,
And hang the guiltless, rather than eat his mutton cold:

* This dissertation upon conscience, exhibits a melancholy picture to moral feelings; but we fear it is by no means exaggerated.

The crown'd head quits it for despotic sway,
 The stubborn people for unaw'd rebellion.
 There's not a slave but has his share of villain :
 Why then shall after-ages think my deeds
 Inhuman ! since my worst are but ambition.
 Ev'n all mankind to some lov'd ill incline :
 Great men choose greater sins, ambition's mine. [Exit]

SCENE *draws, and discovers Lady Anne sitting on a couch.*

* *La. Anne.* When, when shall I have rest ! Was marriage made
 To be the scourge of our offences here ?
 Oh ! no—'twas meant a blessing to the virtuous ;
 It once was so to me, tho' now my curse.
 The fruit of *Edward's* love was sweet and pleasing ;
 But oh ! untimely cropt by cruel *Glo'ster* ;
 Who rudely having grafted on his stock,
 Now makes my life yield only sorrow.
 Let me have music to compose my thought s.

[Soft music]

It will not be—nought but the grave can close my eyes.
 But see,
 He comes, the rude disturber of my pillow.

Enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. Ha ! still in tears ! let them flow on ; they're
 signs
 Of a substantial grief—why don't she die ?
 She must, my interest will not let her live.
 The fair *Elizabeth* hath caught my eye ;
 My heart's vacant, and she shall fill her place.
 They say that women have but tender hearts :
 'Tis a mistake, I doubt—I've found 'em tough ;
 They'll bend, indeed—but he must strain that cracks 'em.
 All I can hope's to throw her into sickness,
 That I may send her a physician's help.

* *Lady Anne* should be very delicate, in person, features, voice,
 and manners.

So,

So, madam, what ! you still take care, I see,
To let the world believe I love you not.
This outward mourning now, has malice in't,
So have these sullen disobedient tears ;
I'll have you tell the world I dote upon you.

La. Anne. I wish I could—but 'twill not be believ'd.
Have I deserv'd this usage ?

Glo'st. You have—you do not please me, as at first.

La. Anne. What have I done ? what horrid crime
committed ?

Glo'st. To me the worst of crimes ; outliv'd my
liking.

La. Anne. If that be criminal, just heav'n, be kind,
And take me while my penitence is warm ;
Oh sir, forgive and kill me.

Glo'st. Umph ! no—the meddling world will call that
murder,
And I would have them think me pitiful :
Now, wert thou not afraid of self-destruction,
Thou hast a fair excuse for't.

La. Anne. How fain would I be friends with death !
—Oh name it.

Glo'st. Thy husband's hate : nor do I hate thee, only
From the dull'd edge of sated appetite,
But from the eager love I bear another.
Some call me hypocrite—what think'st thou, now ?
Do I dissemble ?

La. Anne. Thy vows of love to me were all dissem-
bled.

Glo'st. Not one—for when I told thee so, I lov'd :
Thou art the only soul I never yet deceiv'd ;
And 'tis my honesty that tells thee now,
With all my heart I hate thee.
If this have no effect, she is immortal. [*Aside.*]

La. Anne. Forgive me, heav'n, that I forgave this
man.

Oh may my story, told in after-ages,
Give warning to our easy sex's ears ;
May it unveil the hearts of men, and strike
Them deaf to their dissimulated love !

Enter

Enter Catesby.

Glo'st. Now, *Catesby*—

Catesby. My lord, his grace of *Buckingham* attends your highness' pleasure.

Glo'st. Wait on him—I'll expect him here.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Your absence, madam, will be necessary.

La. Anne. Would my death were so! [*Exit.*]

Glo'st. It may be, shortly.

Enter Buckingham.

My cousin, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by our hopes, my lord, they are senseless stones:

Their hesitating fear has struck 'em dumb.

Glo'st. Touch'd you the bastardy of *Edward's* children?

Buck. I did, with his contract to lady *Lucy*;
Nay, his own bastardy, and tyranny for trifles,
Laid open all your victories in *Scotland*,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace;
Your bounty, justice, fair humility;
Indeed left nothing that might gild our cause,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in my talk:
And when my oration drew towards an end,
I urg'd of them that lov'd their country's good,
To do you right, and cry, *Long live King Richard.*

Glo'st. And did they so?

Buck. Not one, by heav'n—but each, like statues fix'd,

Speechless and pale, star'd in his fellow's face:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence?
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoken to but by the Recorder;
Who then took on him to repeat my words;
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing urg'd, in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of my own,

At th' lower end of th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, *God save King Richard!*
 At which I took the 'vantage of those few,
 And cry'd, Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,
 This general applause and chearful shout,
 Argues your wisdom, and your love to *Richard*.
 And even here broke off, and came away.

Glo'st. Oh tongueless blocks! would they not speak?
 Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand—feign you some fear,

And be not spoke with, but by mighty suit.
 A prayer-book in your hand, my lord, were well,
 Standing between two churchmen of repute;
 For on that ground I'll make an holy descant:
 Yet be not easily won to our requests;
 Seem, like the virgin, fearful of your wishes.

Glo'st. My other self—my counsel's consistory!
 My oracle! my prophet! my dear cousin!
 I, as a child, will go by thy direction:

Buck. Hark! the lord Mayor's at hand—away, my lord;

No doubt, but yet we reach our point propos'd.

Glo'st. We cannot fail, my lord, while you are pilot!
 A little flattery sometimes does well. [Exit.]

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Buck. Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here.
 I am afraid the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Now, *Catesby*, what says your lord to my request?

Catesby. My lord, he humbly does intreat your grace
 To visit him to-morrow, or the next day:
 He's now retir'd with two right reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation;
 And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
 To interrupt his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious duke;
 Tell him, myself, the mayor, and citizens,

VOL. III.

E

In

In deep designs, in matters of great moment,
No lets importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Catesby. My lord, I'll instantly inform his highness.

Buck. Ah, my lord! this prince is not an *Edward*;
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans;
But with two deep divines in sacred praying:
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the toil of sov'reignty.

Ld. Mayor. Happy indeed, my lord.
He will not, sure, refuse our proffer'd love.

Buck. Alas, my lord! you know him not: his mind's
Above this world—he's for a crown immortal.
Look there, his door opens: now where's our hope?

Ld. Mayor. See where his grace stands, 'tween two
clergymen!

Buck. Ay, ay, 'tis there he's caught—there's his
ambition.

Ld. Mayor. How low he bows, to thank 'em for their
care!

And see! a prayer-book in his hand!

Buck. Would he were king, we'd give him leave to
pray:

Methinks I wish it for the love he bears the city.
How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard
The Mayor should lose his title with his office*!
Well, who knows? He may be won.

Ld. Mayor. Ah, my lord!

Buck. See, he comes forth—my friends, be resolute;
I know he's cautious to a fault: but do not
Leave him, till our honest suit be granted.

Enter Glo'ster, with a Book †.

Glo'st. Cousin of *Buckingham*,

* This is a most polite and palpable bait for city pride, the true
courtly food for fools.

† Diffimulation was never displayed in a more conspicuous light,
as through this whole scene.

I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
 Who, earnest in my zealous meditation,
 So long deferr'd the service of my friends.
 Now do I fear I've done some strange offence,
 That looks disgracious in the city's eye. If so,
 'Tis just you should reprove my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; we wish your grace,
 On our intreaties, would amend your fault.

Glo'st. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you resign
 The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
 Fair *England's* throne, your own due right of birth,
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
 While in the mildness of your sleeping thoughts
 (Which here we waken to our country's good)
 This wounded isle does want her proper limbs,
 Which to re-cure, join'd with these loyal men,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their zealous instigation,
 In this just cause, I come, to move your highness,
 That on your gracious self you'd take the charge,
 And kingly government of this your land,
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain;
 But as successively from blood to blood,
 Your own by right of birth, and lineal glory.

Glo'st. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Fits best with my degree, or your condition;
 Therefore to speak in just refusal of your suit,
 And then in speaking not to check my friends,
 Definitively thus I answer you:
 Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
 Unmeritable, shuns your fond request;
 For, heav'n be thank'd, there is no need of me;
 The royal stock has left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make us (no doubt) happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,

The right and fortune of his happier stars;
Which heav'n forbid my thoughts should rob him of!

Ld. Mayor. Upon our knees, my lord, we beg
your grace

To wear this precious robe of dignity,
Which on a child must fit too loose and heavy;
'Tis yours, befitting both your wisdom, and your birth.

Catesby. My lord, this coldness is unkind,
Nor suits it with such ardent loyalty.

Buck. Oh make 'em happy! grant their lawful suit.

Glo'st. Alas! why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.

I thank you for your loves, but must declare
(I do beseech you take it not amiss)

I will not, dare not, must not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse us, thro' a soft remorse,
Loth to depose the child your brother's son
(As well we know your tenderness of heart);
Yet know, tho' you deny us to the last,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfal of your house:
And, thus resolv'd, I bid you, sir, farewell.
My lord, and gentlemen, I beg your pardon,
For this vain trouble—my intent was good,
I would have serv'd my country, and my king:
But 'twill not be—Farewel, till next we meet.

Ld. Mayor. Be not too rash, my lord: his grace re-
lents.

Buck. Away, you but deceive yourselves. [Exit,

Catesby. Sweet prince, accept their suit.

Ld. Mayor. If you deny us, all the land will rue it.

Glo'st. Call him again—[Exit Catesby.] you will en-
force me to

A world of cares—I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind intreaties;
Tho', heaven knows, against my own inclining.

Enter Buckingham and Catesby.

Cousin of *Buckingham*, and sage, grave men,

Since

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load;
 But, if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me;
 For heaven knows, as you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire of this.

Ld. Mayor. Heaven guard your grace! we see it,
 and will say it.

Glo'st. You will but say the truth, my lord.

Buck. My heart's so full, it scarce has vent for
 words;

My knee will better speak my duty, now!

Long live our sovereign, *Richard*, king of *England*.

Glo'st. Indeed, your words have touch'd me nearly,
 cousin!

Pray rise—I wish you could recall 'em.

Buck. It would be treason, now, my lord; to-
 morrow,

If it so please your majesty, from council

Orders shall be given for your coronation.

Glo'st. E'en when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your majesty,
 And now we take our leaves with joy.

Glo'st. Cousin, adieu—my loving friends, farewell.
 I must unto my holy work again.

[*Exeunt all but Richard.*]

* Why, now my golden dream is out—

Ambition, like an early friend, throws back

My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoy'd

To tell me what I dreamt is true—A crown!

Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds!

Oh! how thy awful glory wraps my soul!

Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre:

For, not men's love, fear pays thee adoration,

* This soliloquy affords a fine transition for acting merit to shew
 itself; from the low spiritless remonstrances of assumed diffidence,
 to the malicious enjoyment of the fair road his villainous schemes
 appear to be in,

And fame not more survives from good than evil deeds.
 Th' aspiring youth that fir'd the Ephesian dome,
 Outlives, in fame, the pious fool that rais'd it.
 Conscience, lie still; more lives must yet be drain'd;
 Crowns got with blood, must be with blood maintain'd.

[*Exit.* *]

* It is a very peculiar merit in this play, that each act rises above the other, and that the whole piece is alive, with increasing spirit, to the end.

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *the Tower.*

Enter Queen, Prince Edward, Duke of York, Dutcheſs of York, and Lady Anne in tears.

P. *Ed.* **P**RAY, madam, do not leave me yet,
 For I have many more complaints to tell you.
Queen. And I unable to redress the least.

What would'st thou say, my child?

P. *Ed.* Oh, mother, since I have lain i'th' Tower,
 My rest has still been broke with frightful dreams,
 Or shocking news has wak'd me into tears:
 I'm scarce allow'd a friend to visit me;
 All my old honest servants are turn'd off,
 And in their rooms are strange ill-natur'd fellows,
 Who look so bold as they were all my masters;
 And I'm afraid they'll shortly take you from me.

D. of *York.* Oh, mournful hearing!

L^a. *Anne.* Oh, unhappy prince!

D. of *York.* Dear brother, why do you weep so?
 You make me cry too!

Queen. Alas, poor innocence!

P. *Ed.* Would I but knew at what my uncle aims;
 If 'twere my crown, I'd freely give it him,
 So he'd but let me joy my life in quiet.

D. of *York.* Why, will my uncle kill us, brother?

P. *Ed.* I hope he won't; we never injur'd him.

Queen.

Queen. I cannot bear to see 'em thus. *[Weeping.]*

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley. Madam, I hope your majesty will pardon
What I am griev'd to tell, unwelcome news!

Queen. Ah me! more sorrow, yet! my lord, we've
long
Despair'd of happy tidings; pray what is't?

Stanley. On *Tuesday* last, your noble kinsmen, *Rivers,*
Grey, and sir *Thomas Vaughan,* at *Pomfret,*
Were executed on a public scaffold.

Dut. of York. Oh dismal tidings!

P. Ed. Oh poor uncles! I doubt my turn is next.

La. Anne. Nor mine, I fear, far off.

Queen. Why then let's welcome blood and massacre,
Yield all our throats to the fell tiger's rage,
And die lamenting one another's wrongs;
Oh! I foresaw this ruin of our house. *[Weeps.]*

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Madam, the king
Has sent me to inform your majesty,
That you prepare (as is advised from council)
To-morrow for your royal coronation.

Queen. What do I hear! support me, heav'n!

La. Anne. Despightful tidings! Oh, unpleasing news!
Alas, I heard of this before, but could not,
For my soul, find heart to tell you of it.

Catesby. The king does farther wish your majesty
Would less employ your visits at the Tower;
He gives me leave t'attend you to the court,
And is impatient, madam, till he sees you.

La. Anne. Farewel to all; and thou, poor injur'd
queen,
Forgive the unfriendly duty I must pay.

Queen. Alas, kind soul, I envy not thy glory;
Nor think I'm pleas'd thou'rt partner in our sorrow.

Catesby. Madam.

La. Anne. I come.

Queen. Farewel, thou woeful welcomer of glory.

Catesby.

Catesby. Shall I attend your majesty?

La. Anne. Attend me! whither? to be crown'd?
Let me with deadly venom be anointed,
And die ere man can say, *Long live the Queen!*

Queen. Poor grieving heart! I pity thy complaining.

La. Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for
yours.

A long farewell to all.

[*Exit with Catesby.*]

Stanley. Take comfort, madam.

Queen. Alas! where is it to be found?
Death and destruction follow us so close,
They shortly must o'ertake us.

Stanley. In *Britany*,

My son-in-law, the earl of *Richmond*, still
Resides, who with a jealous eye observes
The lawless actions of aspiring *Glo'ster*;
To him would I advise you, madam, fly
Forthwith, for aid, protection, and redress:
He will, I'm sure, with open arms receive you.

Dut. of York. Delay not, madam,

For 'tis the only hope that heav'n has left us.

Queen. Do with me what you please—for any change
Must surely better our condition.

Stanley. I farther would advise you, madam, this instant
To remove the princes to some
Remote abode, where you yourself are mistress.

P. Ed. Dear madam, take me hence; for I shall ne'er
Enjoy a moment's quiet here.

D. of York. Nor I; pray, mother, let me go too.

Queen. Come then, my pretty young ones, let's away,
For here you lie within the falcon's reach,
Who watches but th' unguarded hour to seize you.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. I beg your majesty will pardon me;
But the young princes must, on no account,
Have egress from the Tower.
Nor must (without the king's especial licence)
Of what degree soever, any person
Have admittance to 'em—all must retire.

Queen.

Queen. I am their mother, sir; [who] else commands 'em?

If I pass freely, they shall follow me.
For you—I'll take the peril of your fault upon myself.

Lieut. My inclination, madam, would oblige you;
But I am bound by oath, and must obey;
Nor, madam, can I now with safety answer
For this continued visit.

Please you, my lord, to read these orders.

Queen. Oh heav'nly pow'rs! shall I not stay with 'em?

Lieut. Such are the king's commands, madam.

Queen. My lord!

Stanley. 'Tis too true—and it were vain to oppose 'em.

Queen. Support me, heav'n!

For life can never bear the pangs of such a parting.
Oh, my poor children! oh, distracting thought!
I dare not bid 'em (as I should) farewell;
And then to part in silence, stabs my soul!

P. Ed. What, must you leave us, mother?

Queen. What shall I say? [*Aside.*]

But for a time, my loves—we shall meet again,
At least in heaven.

D. of York. Won't you take me with you, mother?
I shall be so 'fraid to stay, when you are gone.

Queen. I cannot speak to 'em, and yet we must
Be parted—then let these kisses say farewell.
Why! oh why! just heav'n, must these be our last!

D. of York. Give not your grief such way—be
sudden when you part.

Queen. I will—since it must be—to heav'n I leave
'em:

Hear me, ye guardian powers of innocence!
Awake or sleeping—Oh, protect 'em still!
Still may their helpless youth attract men's pity,
That when the arm of cruelty is rais'd,
Their looks may drop the lifted dagger down
From the stern murderer's relenting hand,
And throw him on his knees in penitence!

Both Princes. Oh, mother! mother!

Queen. Oh, my poor children! [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE.

SCENE *the Presence.*

*Discovering Glo'ster seated, Buckingham, Catesby,
Ratcliff, Lovel, &c.*

Glo'st. Stand all apart—Cousin of *Buckingham*.

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

Glo'st. Give me thy hand;

At length by thy advice and thy assistance,
Is *Glo'ster* seated on the *English* throne.

But say, my cousin—

What! shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. I hope for ages, sir—long may they grace you!

Glo'st. Oh, *Buckingham*! now do I play the touch-
stone*,

To try if thou be current friend indeed.

Young *Edward* lives, so does his brother *York*.

Now think what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my gracious lord.

Glo'st. I tell thee, coz, I've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes—

Now tho' thy friendly hand has brush'd 'em from me,

Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;

I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.

I would be king, my cousin.

Buck. Why, so I think you are, my royal lord.

Glo'st. Ha! am I king? 'tis so—but—*Edward* lives.

Buck. Most true, my lord.

Glo'st. Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain—I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd:

Now, cousin, canst thou answer me?

Buck. None dare dispute your highness' pleasure.

Glo'st. Indeed! methinks thy kindness freezes, cousin.
Thou dost refuse, me then!—they shall not die.

Buck. My lord, since 'tis an action cannot be

* This round-about method of working on *Buckingham* to make a cat's paw of him, is very consistent with the depths of *Richard's* policy.

Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think,

I'll instantly resolve your highness. [Exit.

Catesby. The king seems angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

Glo'st. I'll henceforth deal with shorter-sighted fools.

None are for me, that look into my deeds,

With thinking eyes—

High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect;

'The best on't is, it may be done without him,

Tho' not so well, perhaps—had he consented,

Why then the murder had been his, not mine.

We'll make a shift as 'tis—Come hither, *Catesby*;

Where's that same *Tirrel* whom thou told'st me of?

Hast thou given him those sums of gold I order'd?

Catesby I have, my liege.

Glo'st. Where is he?

Catesby. He waits your highness' pleasure.

Glo'st. Give him this ring, and say myself

Will bring him farther orders instantly. [Exit *Catesby*.

The deep-revolving duke of *Buckingham*

No more shall be the neighbour to my councils:

Has he so long held out with me untir'd,

And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, lord *Stanley*, what's the news?

Stanley. I hear, my liege, the lord marquis of *Dorset*
Is fled to *Richmond* now in *Britany*.

Glo'st. Why let him go, my lord: he may be spar'd.
Hark thee, *Ratcliff*, when saw'st thou *Anne*, my queen?
Is she still weak? has my physician seen her?

Ratcliff. He has, my lord, and fears her mightily.

Glo'st. But he's exceeding skilful, she'll mend shortly.

Ratcliff. I hope she will, my lord.

Glo'st. And if she does, I have mistook my man.

I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,

At whom I know the *Briton*, *Richmond*, aims;

And by that knot looks proudly on the crown.

But then to stain me with her brother's blood;

Is that the way to wooe the sister's love?

No matter what's the way—for while they live,

Billings 2

My

48 KING RICHARD III.

My goodly kingdom's on a weak foundation.
'Tis done, my daring heart's resolv'd—they're dead!

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
The late request that you did found me in.

Glo'st. Well, let that rest—*Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I have heard the news, my lord.

Glo'st. *Stanley*, he's your near kinsman—well, look
to him.

Buck. My lord, I claim that gift, my due by pro-
mise,

For which your honour and your faith's engag'd;
The earldom of *Hereford*, and those moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

Glo'st. *Stanley*, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

Glo'st. I do remember me, *Harry* the sixth
Did prophesy, that *Richmond* should be king,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish boy.

'Tis odd—a king, perhaps—

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. My lord, I have obey'd your highness' or-
ders.

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my suit.

Glo'st. Lead *Tirrel* to my closet, I'll meet him.

Buck. I beg your highness' ear, my lord.

Glo'st. I'm busy—thou troublest me—I'm not i'th
vein. [Exit.]

Buck. Oh patience, heav'n! is't thus he pays my
service?

Was it for this I rais'd him to the throne?
Oh! if the peaceful dead have any sense
Of those vile injuries they bore, while living;
Then sure the joyful souls of blood-suck'd *Edward*,
Henry, *Clarence*, *Hastings*, and all that through
His foul corrupted dealings have miscarry'd,

Will

Will from the walls of heav'n in smiles look down,
 To see this tyrant tumbling from his throne,
 His fall unmourn'd, and bloody as their own. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *an Apartment in the Tower.*

Enter Tirrel, Dighton, and Forest.

Tirrel. Come, gentlemen,
 Have you concluded on the means?

Forest. Smothering will make no noise, sir.

Tirrel. Let it be done i'th' dark—for should you see
 Their young faces, who knows how far their looks
 Of innocence may tempt you into pity?
 Stand back—Lieutenant, have you brought the keys?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. I have 'em, sir.

Tirrel. Then here's your warrant to deliver 'em.
 [*Giving a Ring.*]

Lieut. Your servant, sir.

What can this mean! why at this dead of night
 To give 'em too! 'Tis not for me t'inquire. [*Exit.*]

Tirrel. There, gentlemen;
 That way—you have no farther need of me.
 [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. Would it were done:
 There is a busy something here,
 That foolish custom has made terrible,
 To the intent of evil deeds; and nature too,
 As if she knew me womanish, and weak,
 Tugs at my heart-strings with complaining cries,
 To talk me from my purpose—
 And then the thought of what men's tongues will say,
 Of what their hearts must think;
 To have no creature love me living, nor
 My memory when dead.
 Shall future ages, when these children's tale
 Is told, drop tears in pity of their hapless fate,

And read with detestation the misdeeds of *Glo'ster*,
 * The crook-back'd tyrant, cruel, barbarous,
 And bloody?—will they not say too,
 That to possess the crown, nor laws divine
 Nor human stopt my way?—Why let 'em say it;
 They can't but say I had the crown;
 I was not fool as well as villain.
 Hark! the murder's doing: princes, farewell;
 To me there's musick in your passing-bell. [Exit.

Enter Tirrel.

Tirrel. 'Tis done; the barbarous bloody act is done.
 Ha! the king—his coming hither, at this
 Late hour, speaks him impatient for the news.

Enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. Now, my *Tirrel*, how are the brats dispos'd?
 'ay, am I happy? hast thou dealt upon 'em?

Tirrel. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
 Beget your happiness—then, sir, be happy, for it is done.

Glo'st. But did'st thou see 'em dead?

Tirrel. I did, my lord.

Glo'st. And bury'd, my good *Tirrel*?

Tirrel. In that I thought to ask your grace's pleasure.

Glo'st. I have it—I'll have 'em sure—get me a coffin
 Full of holes, let 'em be both cram'd into it,
 And hark thee, in the night-tide throw 'em down
 The Thames—once in, they'll find the way to the bot-
 tom;

Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.

Tirrel. I humbly thank your highness.

Glo'st. About it strait, good *Tirrel*.

Tirrel. Conclude it done, my lord.

Glo'st. Why then my loudest fears are hush'd;
 The sons of *Edward* have eternal rest,
 And *Anne* my wife has bid this world good-night; [Exit.

* There is strict preservation of character in making *Richard*
 advert to his own deformity.

While

While fair *Elizabeth*, my beauteous niece,
Like a new morn, lights onward to my wishes.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. My lord—

Glo'st. Good news, or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Catesby. Bad news, my lord; *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*,

And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the field, and still his power increases.

Glo'st. *Morton* with *Richmond* touches me more near,
Than *Buckingham*, and his rash levy'd numbers.
But come, dangers retreat, when boldly they're confronted,

And dull delays lead impotence and fear;

Then fiery expedition raise my arm,

And fatal may it fall on crush'd rebellion!

Let's muster men, my council is my shield,

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, the Tower.

Enter Queen, and Dutcheſs of York.

Queen. Oh, my poor children!—Oh, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, pluck'd by untimely hands;
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual;
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.
Why slept their guardian angels, when this deed was done?

Dut of York. So many miseries have drain'd my eyes,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute;
Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Let's give 'em scope; for tho' they can't remove,
Yet do they ease affliction.

KING RICHARD III.
52. KING RICHARD III.

Dut. of *York*. Why then, let us be loud in exclamations,
To *Richard* haste, and pierce him with our cries;

[Trumpet sounds a March.]

Hark! his trumpet sounds—this way he must pass.

Queen. Alas! I've not the daring to confront him.

Dut. of *York*. I have a mother's right, I'll force him hear me.

Enter Glo'ster and Catesby, with Forces. Trumpet sounds a March.

Glo'st. Who interrupts me in my expedition?

Dut. of *York*. Dost thou not know me? Art thou not my son?

Glo'st. I cry you mercy, madam, is it you?

Dut. of *York*. Art thou my son?

Glo'st. Ay, I thank heav'n, my father, and yourself.

Dut. of *York*. Then I command thee, hear me.

Glo'st. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dut. of *York*. Stay, I'll be mild and gentle in my words.

Glo'st. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Dut. of *York*. Why, I have staid for thee (just heaven knows)

In torment and in agony.

Glo'st. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. of *York*. No, on my soul; too well thou know'st it,
A grievous burden was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy,

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and stubborn,

Thy age confirm'd, most subtle, proud, and bloody.

Glo'st. If I am so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam;
Strike up the drum.

Dut. of *York*. Yet stay, I charge thee hear me.

Queen. If not, hear me—for I have wrongs will speak,
Without a tongue—Methinks the very sight
Of me should turn thee into stone;
Where are my children, *Glo'ster*?

Dut. of *York*. Where is thy brother *Clarence*?

Queen. Where *Hastings*?

Dut.

Dut. of York. Rivers?

Queen. Vaughan?

Dut. of York. Grey?

* Glo'st. A flourish, trumpets; strike alarum, drums.

Let not the heav'n's hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the heav'n's anointed—Strike, I say.

[Alarm of Drums and Trumpets.]

Either be patient, and intreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dut. of York. Then hear me, heav'n, and heav'n at
his latest hour

Be deaf to him, as he is now to me!

Ere from this war he 'turn a conqueror,

Ye powers, cut off his dangerous thread of life,

Lest his black sins rise higher in account,

Than hell has pains to punish!

Mischance and sorrow wait thee to the field!

Heart's discontent, languid, and lean despair,

With all the hells of guilt, pursue thy steps, for ever!

[Exit.]

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less power to
curse,

Abides in me—I say Amen to her.

Glo'st. Stay, madam, I would beg some words with
you.

Queen. What canst thou ask, that I have now to grant?
Is't another son? Glo'ster, I have none.

Glo'st. You have a beauteous daughter, call'd *Elizabeth*.

Queen. Must she die, too?

Glo'st. For whose fair sake I'll bring more good to you,
Than ever you or yours from me had harm:

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou'lt drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs

Which thou supposest me the cruel cause of.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

* It is finely imagined to make a man loaded with conscious
guilt: fly abruptly from the subject.

F 3.

Glo'st.

Glo'st. Know then, that from my soul I love the fair
Elizabeth, and will, with your permission,
Seat her on the throne of *England*.

Queen. Alas ! vain man, how canst thou woo her ?

Glo'st. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. If thou wilt learn of me, then woo her
thus:

Send to her, by the man that kill'd her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts—thereon engrav'd,
Edward and *York*—then haply will she weep.
On this present her with an handkerchief,
Stain'd with their blood, to wipe her woeful eyes ;
If this inducement move her not to love,
Read o'er the history of thy noble deeds ;
Tell her, thy policy took off her uncles,
Clarence, *Rivers*, *Grey*, nay, and, for her sake,
Made quick conveyance with her dear aunt *Anne*.

Glo'st. You mock me, madam ; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. What shall I say ? still to affront his love,
I fear will but incense him to revenge ;
And to consent, I should abhor myself :
Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus,
By sending *Richmond* word of his intent,
Shall gain some time to let my child escape him.
It shall be so.

[*Aside.*]

I have consider'd, sir, of your important wishes,
And could I but believe you real—

Glo'st. Now, by the sacred hosts of saints above—

Queen. Oh do not swear, my lord ; I ask no oath,
Unless my daughter doubt you more than I.

Glo'st. Oh, my kind mother ! (I must call you so)
Ee thou to her my love's soft orator ;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been,
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.
And when this warlike arm shall have chastis'd
The audacious rebel, hot-brain'd *Buckingham* ;
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead your daughter to a conqueror's bed.

Queen.

Queen. My lord, farewell—in some few days expect

To hear how fair a progress I have made:
Till when, be happy as you're penitent.

Glo'st. My heart goes with you to my love. Farewel,
[*Exit Queen.*]

Relenting, shallow-thoughted woman!

Enter Ratcliff.

How now! the news!

Ratcliff. Most gracious sovereign, on the western
coasts,

Rides a most powerful navy, and our fears

Inform us *Richmond* is their admiral.

There do they hull, expecting but the aid

Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore. [*Exit.*]

Glo'st. We must prevent him then—Come hither,
Catesby.

Catesby. My lord, your pleasure!

Glo'st. Post to the duke of *Norfolk*, instantly,

Bid him straight levy all the strength and power

That he can make, and meet me suddenly,

At *Salisbury*—Commend me to his grace—away.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Enter Lord Stanley.

Well, my lord, what news have you gather'd?

Stanley. *Richmond* is on the seas, my lord?

Glo'st. There let him sink—and be the seas on him,

White-liver'd renegade—what does he there!

Stanley. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

Glo'st. Well, as you guess,

Stanley. Stir'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the crown.

Glo'st. Traitor! the crown!—

Where is thy power then to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

The foe upon our coast, and thou no friends to meet
'em?

Or

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Or hast thou march'd them to the western shore,
To give the rebels conduct from their ships?

Stanley. My lord, my friends are ready all i'th' North.

Glo'st. The North! why what do they do i'th' North,
When they should serve their sovereign in the West?

Stanley. They yet have had no orders, sir, to move :
If 'tis your royal pleasure they should march,
I'll lead them on with utmost haste to join you,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

Glo'st. What, thou would'st be gone to join with
Richmond?

Stanley. Sir, you have no cause to doubt my loyalty,
I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be, false.

Glo'st. Away then to thy friends, and lead 'em on
To meet me—hold, come back—I will not trust thee.
I've thought a way to make thee sure—your son,
George Stanley, sir, I'll have him left behind;
And look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stanley. As I prove true, my lord, so deal with him.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Ratcliff.

Ratcliff. My lord, the army of great *Buckingham*,
By sudden floods, and fall of waters,
Is half lost, and scatter'd :
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

Glo'st. Has any careful officer proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Ratcliff. Such proclamation has been made, my lord.

Enter Catesby.*

Catesby. My liege, the duke of *Buckingham* is taken.

Glo'st. Off with his head—so much for *Buckingham*.

Catesby. My lord, I am sorry I must tell more news,

* There is a remarkable, quick, and animating succession of incidents through the whole fourth Act, which concludes with inexpressible spirit.

Glo'st.

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Glo'st. Out with it.

Catesby. The earl of *Richmond*, with a mighty power,
Is landed, sir, at *Milford*;

And, to confirm the news, lord marquis *Dorset*,
And sir *Thomas Lovelock*, are up in *Yorkshire*.

Glo'st. Why ay, this looks rebellion—Ho! my horse!
By heav'n the news alarms my stirring soul;
Come forth, my honest sword, which here I vow,
By my soul's hope, shall ne'er again be sheath'd;
Ne'er shall these watching eyes have needful rest,
Till death has clos'd 'em in a glorious grave,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge. [Exit.

* *Richard's* full revelation of character, with the remarkable bustle of business which the fourth Act contains, invigorates it very much, and places an audience on the topmost bent of expectation.

A C T V.

SCENE I. The Country.

Enter * *Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others.*

Rich. **T**HUS far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment.
Glo'ster, the bloody and devouring boar,
Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropt
Its ripen'd hopes of fair posterity,
Is now even in the center of the isle,
As we're inform'd, near to the town of *Leicester*:
From *Tamworth* thither is but one day's march;
And here receive we from our father *Stanley*,
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement,
Such as will help and animate our cause;

* *Richmond* should be a showy soldier-like figure, such as may engage by externals, with an easy flow of utterance, neither solemn nor light.

On

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On which let's cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of a lasting peace,
Or fame more lasting from a well-fought war.

Oxford. Your words have fire, my lord, and warm our
men,
Who look'd, methought, but cold before—dishearten'd
With the unequal numbers of the foe.

Rich. Why, double 'em still, our cause would conquer 'em.

Thrice is he arm'd, that has his quarrel just;
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted:
The very weight of *Glo'ster's* guilt shall crush him.

Blunt. His best friends, no doubt, will soon be ours.

Oxford. He has no friends, but what are such thro' fear.

Rich. And we no foes, but what are such to heav'n.
Then doubt not, heav'n's for us—let's on, my friends.
True hope ne'er tires, but mounts with eagle's wing;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Bosworth-Field.*

Enter Glo'ster, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Surrey, &c.

Glo'st. Here pitch our tent, even in *Bosworth-field*:
My good lord of *Norfolk*, the cheerful speed
Of your supply has merited my thanks.

Norfolk. I am rewarded, sir, in having power
To serve your majesty.

Glo'st. You have our thanks, my lord: up with my
tent:
Here will I lie, to-night—but where, to-morrow?
Well, no matter where—has any careful friend
Discover'd yet the number of the rebels?

Norfolk. My lord, as I from spies am well inform'd,
Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

Glo'st. Why, our battalions treble that account;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Norfolk.

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Norfolk. Their wants are greater yet, my lord—those e'en
Of motion, life and spirit—did you but know
How wretchedly their men disgrace the field;
Oh, such a tatter'd host of mounted scare-crows!
So poor, so famish'd; their executors,
The greedy crows, fly hovering o'er their heads,
Impatient for their lean inheritance.

Glo'st. Now, by *St. Paul*, we'll send 'em dinners
and apparel;

Nay, give their fasting horses provender*,
And after fight 'em—How long must we stay,
My lords, before these desperate fools will give
Us time to lay them with their faces upwards?

Norfolk. Unless their famine saves our swords that
labour,

To-morrow's sun will light 'em to their ruin;
So soon, I hear, they mean to give us battle.

Glo'st. The sooner still the better—Come, my lords,
Now let's survey the 'vantage of the ground.
Call me some men of sound direction.

Norfolk. My gracious lord—

Glo'st. What say'st thou, *Norfolk*?

Norfolk. Might I advise your majesty, you yet
Shall save the blood that may be shed to-morrow.

Glo'st. How so, my lord?

Norfolk. The poor condition of the rebels tell me;
That, on a pardon offer'd to the lives
Of those who instantly shall quit their arms,
Young *Richmond*, ere to-morrow's dawn, were friendless.

Glo'st. Why that indeed was our sixth *Harry's* way,
Which made his reign one scene of rude commotion.
I'll be in men's despite a monarch; no,
Let kings that fear, forgive—Blows and revenge for
me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE a Wood.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Sir William Brandon,
and others.*

Rich. The weary sun has made a golden set,

* This and part of the preceding speech, are taken from *Henry
the Fifth.*

And

And by yon ruddy brightness of the clouds,
 Gives tokens of a goodly day to-morrow.
 Sir *William Brandon*, you shall bear my standard.
 Here have I drawn the model of our battle,
 Which parts in just proportion our small power:
 Here may each leader know his several charge.
 My lord of *Oxford*, you sir *Walter Herbert*,
 And you, Sir *William Brandon*, stay with me:
 The earl of *Pembroke* keeps his regiment.

Enter Soldier.

Sol. Sir, a gentleman that calls himself *Stanley*,
 Desires admittance to the earl of *Richmond*.

Rich. Now by our hopes, my noble father-in-law;
 Admit him—my good friends, your leave awhile.

Enter Lord Stanley.

My honour'd father! on my soul,
 The joy of seeing you this night, is more
 Than my most knowing hopes presag'd—what news?

Stanley. I by commission bless thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good:
 The queen too, has with tears of joy consented
 Thou shouldst espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
 At whom the tyrant *Richard* closely aims.
 In brief (for now the shortest moment of
 My stay is bought with hazard of my life)
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 (For so the season of affairs requires)
 And this be sure of, I, upon the first
 Occasion offer'd, will deceive some eyes,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms,
 In which I had more forward been, ere this,
 But that the life of thy young brother *George*,
 (Whom for my pawn of faith stern *Richard* keeps)
 Would then be forfeit to his wild revenge.
 Farewel, the rude enforcement of the time,
 Denies me to renew those vows of love,
 Which so-long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon.

Rich. We may meet again, my lord—

Stanley. Till then, once more farewell—be resolute, and conquer. [Exit.]

Rich. Give him safe conduct to his regiment.

Well, sir, to-morrow proves a busy day;
But come, the night's far spent—let's in to council;
Captain, an hour before the sun gets up,
Let me be wak'd—I will in person walk
From tent to tent, and early chear the soldiers.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *Bosworth-Field.*

Enter Glo'ster, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

Glo'st. Catesby.

Catesby. Here, my lord.

Glo'st. Send out a pursuivant at arms,
To *Stanley's* regiment; bid him 'fore sun-rise
Meet me with his power, or young *George's* head
Shall pay the forfeit of his cold delay.
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Catesby. It is, my liege; all is in readiness.

Glo'st. Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch—choose trusty centinels.

Norfolk. Doubt not, my lord.

Glo'st. Be stirring with the lark, good *Norfolk*.

Norfolk. I shall, my lord— [Exit.]

Glo'st. Saddle *White Surry* for the field, to-morrow.
Is ink and paper ready*?

Catesby. It is, my lord.

Glo'st. An hour after midnight, come to my tent,
And help to arm me—a good night, my friends. [Exit.]

Catesby. Methinks the king has not that pleas'd alacrity,
Nor chear of mind that he was wont to have.

Ratcliff. The mere effect of business;
You'll find him, sir, another man i'th' field.
When you shall see him with his beaver up,
Ready to mount his neighing steed, with whom

* *Richard's* disjointed manner of expressing himself is highly agitated; his features should seem pregnant with anxiety.

He smiling seems to have some wanton talk,
Clapping his pamper'd sides to hold him still;
Then, with a motion swift and light as air,
Like fiery *Mars*, he vaults him to the saddle;
Looks terror to the foe, and courage to his soldiers.

Catesby. Good-night to *Richmond* then; for, as I hear,
His numbers are so few, and those so sick,
And famish'd in their march, if he dares fight us—
He jumps into the sea to cool his fever.
But come, 'tis late—Now let us to our tents,
We've few hours good, before the trumpet wakes us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Glo'ster's Tent.

*Enter Glo'ster from his Tent *.*

Glo'st. 'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world
Is in a lonely solemn darkness hung;
Yet I (so coy a dame is sleep to me)
With all the weary courtship of
My care-tir'd thoughts can't win her to my bed;
'Tis no' ev'n the stars do wink, as 'twere with over-
watching;
I'll forth, and walk awhile—the air's refreshing,
And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesom odour;
How awful is this gloom!—and hark, from camp to
camp
The hum of either army's silly sounds;
That the fixt centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighings,
Piercing the night's dull ear—Hark, from the tents
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With clink of hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation; while some,

* This soliloquy is poetically descriptive and awfully solemn, the imagery fine, and the expression fluently spontaneous: great part of it is taken from *Henry the Fifth*.

Like

Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
 With patience sit, and inly ruminatè
 The morning's danger—By yon heav'n, my stern
 Impatience chides this tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
 So tediously away—I'll to my couch,
 And once more try to sleep her into morning.

[*Lies down; a groan is heard.*]

Ha! what means that dismal voice? sure 'tis
 The echo of some yawning grave,
 That teems with an untimely ghost—'tis gone!
 'Twas but my fancy, or perhaps the wind,
 Forcing his entrance thro' some hollow cavern.
 No matter what—I feel my eyes grow heavy. [*Sleeps.*]

King Henry's Ghost rises.*

K. Henry. Oh! thou whose unrelenting thoughts,
 not all

The hideous terrors of thy guilt can shake,
 Whose conscience, with thy body, ever sleeps,
 Sleep on; while I, by heav'n's high ordinance,
 In dreams of horror wake thy frightful soul:
 Now give thy thoughts to me; let 'em behold
 These gaping wounds, which thy death-dealing hand
 Within the Tower gave my anointed body:
 Now shall thy own devouring conscience gnaw
 Thy heart, and terribly revenge my murder.

Lady Anne's Ghost rises.

La. Anne. Think on the wrongs of wretched Anne
 thy wife,
 E'en in the battle's heat remember me,
 And edgeless fall thy sword—despair, and die.

* We are inclined to pardon the old womanish circumstance of
 ghosts here, because Cibber has brought them forth but once
 though Shakspeare produced them twice.

64 KING RICHARD III.

Ghosts of Prince Edward and the Duke of York rise.

P. Ed. Richard, dream on; and see the wand'ring spirits

Of thy young nephews, murder'd in the Tower:
 Could not our youth, our innocence, persuade
 Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives?
 Who, but for thee, alas, might have enjoy'd
 Our many promis'd years of happiness.
 No foul, save thine, but pities our misusage;
 Oh, 'twas a cruel deed! therefore alone,
 Unpitying, unpitied, shalt thou fall.

K. Henry. The morning's dawn has summon'd me
 away;

Now, *Richard*, wake in all the hells of guilt!
 And let that wild despair, which now does prey
 Upon thy mangled thoughts, alarm the world.
 Awake, *Richard*, awake, to guilty minds
 A terrible example! *[All the Ghosts sink.]*

Glo'st. Give me a horse—bind up my wounds!
 Have mercy, heav'n! ha! soft! 'twas but a dream;
 But then so terrible, it shakes my soul;
 Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
 My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror:
 Oh, tyrant conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
 When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating:
 I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent:
 I am but man; and, fate, do thou dispose me.
 Who's there?

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. 'Tis I, my lord: the early village cock
 Has thrice done salutation to the morn:
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

Glo'st. Oh, *Catesby*! I have had such horrid dreams.

Catesby. Shadows, my lord—below the soldier's heed-
 ing.

Glo'st. Now, by my this day's hopes—shadows to-
 night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of *Richard*,
 Than

Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.

Catesby. Be more yourself, my lord: consider, sir,
Were it but known a dream had frightened you,
How would your animated foes presume on't!

Glo'st. Perish that thought!—no, never be it said
That fate itself could awe the soul of *Richard*.

Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain;

* Conscience, avaint! *Richard's* himself again:

Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse; away:

My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray. [Exeunt.

SCENE, a Wood.

Enter *Richmond*, *Oxford*, *Soldiers*, &c.

Rich. Halt.

Sold. Halt—halt!

Rich. How far into the morning is it, friends?

Oxford. Near four, my lord.

Rich. 'Tis well—

I am glad to find we are such early stirrers.

Oxford. Methinks the foes less forward than we
thought 'em;

Worn as we are, we brave the field before 'em.

Rich. Come, there looks life in such a cheerful haste;

If dreams should animate a soul resolv'd,

I'm more than pleas'd with those I've had, to-night;

Methought that all the ghosts of them, whose bodies

Richard murder'd, came mourning to my tent,

And rous'd me to revenge 'em.

Oxford. A good omen, sir—[Trumpets sound a distant

March.] hark, the trumpet of

The enemy: it speaks them on the march.

Rich. Why then let's on, my friends, to face 'em;

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As mild behaviour and humility:

* These two words should not be roared out, as they usually are, but spoke with deep discontented anguish: the rest of the line rises of course.

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment:
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this body on the earth's cold face;
 But if we thrive, the glory of the action
 The meanest here shall share his part of:
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;
 Sound drums, and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
 The word's *St. George, Richmond, and Victory.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Glo'ster, Catesby, &c.

Glo'st. Who saw the fun, to-day?

Catesby. He has not yet broke forth, my lord.

Glo'st. Then he disdains to shine—for by the clock
 He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
 Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
 More than to *Richmond*! for the self-same heav'n,
 That frowns on me, looks lowring upon him*.

Enter Norfolk, *with a paper.*

Norfolk. Prepare, my lord, the foe is in the field.

Glo'st. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
 Call forth lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power;
 Myself will lead the foldiers to the plain.

[*Exit* Catesby.]

Well, *Norfolk*, what think'st thou, now?

Norfolk. That we shall conquer—but on my tent,
 This morning early, was this paper found.

Glo'st. [*Reads*] "*Jockey of Norfolk*, be not too bold;
 "For *Dicken* thy master is bought and sold."

A weak invention of the enemy!

Come, gentlemen, now each man to his charge,
 And, ere we do bestride our foaming steeds,
 Remember whom you are to cope withal,
 A scum of *Britons*, rascals, runaways,
 Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
 To desperate adventures, and destruction:

* This is a well-introduced sensible stroke at ominous appearances.

Enter

Enter Catesby.

What says lord *Stanley*?—will he bring his power?

Catesby. He does refuse, my lord—he will not stir.

Glo'st. Off with his son *George's* head.

Norfolk. My lord, the foe's already past the marsh—
After the battle, let young *Stanley* die.

Glo'st. Why, after be it then.

A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom;
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
And thou, our warlike champion, thrice renown'd,
St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions:
Upon 'em—Charge—follow me. [Exit.

*Several Excursions, Soldiers driven across the stage by
Glo'ster, &c.*

Re-enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. What ho! young *Richmond*, ho! 'tis *Richard*
calls;

I hate thee, *Harry*, for thy blood of *Lancaster*!
Now if thou dost not hide thee from my sword,
Now while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,
And dying groans transpierce the wounded air;
Richmond, I say, come forth, and singly face me;
Richard is hoarse with daring thee to arms *. [Exit.

Enter Catesby and Norfolk in Disorder.

Catesby. Rescue! rescue! my lord of *Norfolk*, haste;
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring and opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death;
Nay haste, my lord—the day's against us. [Exit.

* Here the actor is called upon for an uncommon glow of rage,
and a most rapid climax of expression.

Enter

68. KING RICHARD III.

Enter Glo'ster and Ratcliff.

Glo'st. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse..

Ratcliff. This way, this way, my lord—below yon thicket

Stands a swift horse—away, ruin pursues us;
Withdraw, my lord, for only flight can save you.

Glo'st. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six *Richmonds* in the field,
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Re-enter Glo'ster and Richmond, meeting.*

Glo'st. Of one, or both of us, the time is come.

Rich. Kind heav'n, I thank thee, for my cause is thine;

If *Richard*'s fit to live, let *Richmond* fall.

Glo'st. Thy gallant bearing, *Harry*, I could 'plaud,
But that the spotted rebel stains the foldier.

Rich. Nor should thy prowess, *Richard*, want my praise,

But that thy cruel deeds have stamp't thee tyrant,
So thrive my sword, as heav'n's high vengeance draws it.

Glo'st. My soul and body on the action both.

Rich. A dreadful lay—here's to decide it.

[*Fight; Richard falls.*

Glo'st. Perdition catch thy arm—the chance is thine.

But oh! the vast renown thou hast acquir'd,
In conquering *Richard*, does afflict him more

* There cannot be a stronger proof of a very singular impression upon an audience, than that general murmur which the meeting of *Richmond* and *Richard* always occasions, followed by the eager applause that attends the tyrant's fall; and we may without fear of censure say, that this play, as acted, shows that the alterations have been produced from a very extensive and settled knowledge of stage effect: we have been studious to find error, but could not materially.

Than even his body's parting with its soul.
 Now let the world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a lingering act;
 But let one spirit of the first-born *Cain*,
 Reign in all bosoms; that, each heart being set
 On bloody actions, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead *. . . [Dies.]

Rich. Farewel, *Richard*! and from thy dreadful end
 May future kings from tyranny be warn'd;
 Had thy aspiring soul but stirr'd in virtue,
 With half the spirit it has dar'd in evil,
 How might thy fame have grac'd our *English* annals!
 But, as thou art, how fair a page thou'lt blotted?
 Hark! the glad trumpets speak the field our own.

*Enter Oxford, Lord Stanley, and Soldiers, with King
 Richard's Crown.*

Oh welcome, friends! my noble father, welcome!
 Heav'n and our arms be prais'd, the day is ours;
 See there, my lords, stern *Richard* is no more.

Stanley. Victorious *Richmond*, well hast thou acquitted
 thee!

And see, the just reward that heaven has sent thee:
 Amongst the glorious spoils of *Bosworth* field,
 We've found the crown, which now in right is thine:
 'Tis doubly thine, by conquest, and by choice.
 Long live *Henry* the Seventh, king of *England*!

Rich. Next to just heav'n, my noble countrymen,
 I owe my thanks to you, whose love I'm proud of,
 And ruling well shall speak my gratitude.

But now, my lords—what friends of us are missing?
 Pray tell me, is young *George Stanley* living?

Stanley. He is, my liege, and safe in *Leicester* town,
 Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. My lord, the queen, and fair *Elizabeth*,
 Her beauteous daughter, some few miles off,

* The six last lines of *Richard's* dying speech, is taken from
Henry the Fourth, second Part.

Are on their way to gratulate your victory.

Rich. Ay, there indeed, my toil's rewarded :
 Let us prepare to meet 'em, lords—and then,
 As we're already bound by solemn vows,
 We'll twine the roses red and white together,
 And both from one kind stalk shall flourish ;
England has long been mad, and scar'd herself ;
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood ;
 The father rashly slaughter'd his own son ;
 The bloody son, compell'd, has kill'd his fire.
 Oh, now, let *Henry* and *Elizabeth*,
 The true successors of each royal house,
 Conjoin'd together, heal those deadly wounds !
 And be that wretch of all mankind abhor'd,
 That would reduce those bloody days again ;
 Ne'er let him live to taste our joy's increase,
 That would with treason wound fair *England's* peace ! *

* The fifth Act of this piece is more replete with interesting business and spirit, than any other we know.

End of RICHARD the Third.

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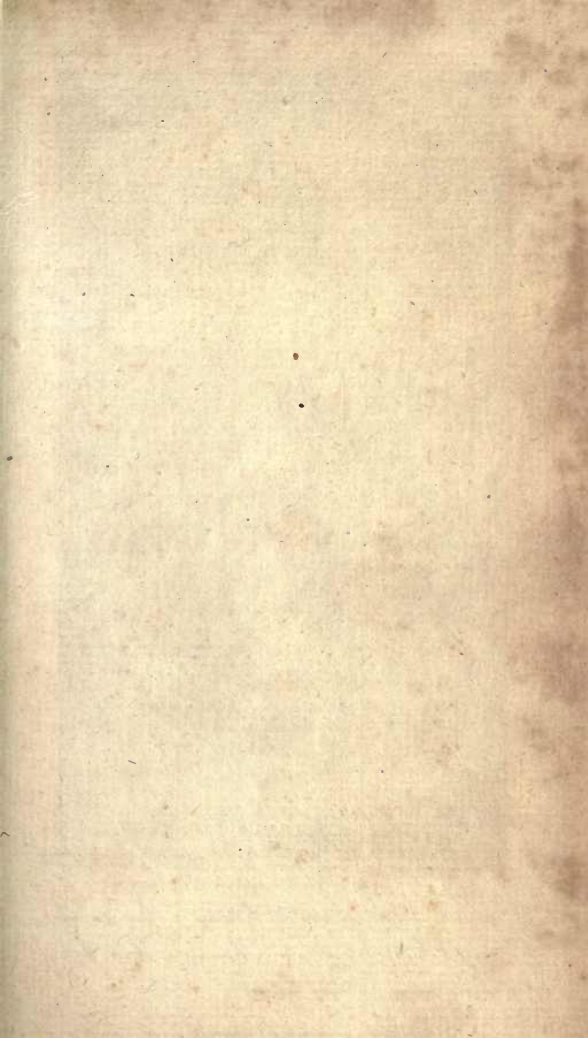
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MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act I.

Scene X.



C. Edwards inv. & del.

J. Hall sculp.

———What shall de honest Man do in
my Closet? dere is no honest Man dat
shall come in my Closet.

THE

Merry Wives of *Windsor*.

A COMEDY, by SHAKESPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

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MDCCLXXIII.

ДОТРУДОЯ

INTRODUCTION.

IF, as we are told, Queen Elizabeth relished the former parts of Falstaff so much, as to express a wish of seeing him produced in love, it was a great compliment to the Author, and such a one as not a tythe of female spectators, from that time to this, would pay the Knight. Rhodomontades, lies, and jollity, have but an awkward relish with the softer sex: however, he is, beyond doubt, a rich, well-drawn, ably-finished portrait, and maintaining him with so much, though not equal, vigour, through three pieces, shows most evidently a rich and powerful genius. By royal command we learn this comedy was written, and with remarkable expedition. We may place it then under two disadvantages; first, being a subject not suggested by the author, but as we may say imposed; secondly, the hurry with which it was composed; in this light, we should rather dwell upon its beauties, than its faults. The characters are numerous, and well contrasted; the business tolerably good, and some of Falstaff's scenes admirably written. There are several passages which trifle very much with patience, but a lesson of use flows from the whole; vain concupiscence and groundless jealousy are ridiculed in a commendable manner.

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S C E N E, *Windsor.*

THE

The Merry Wives of *Windsor*.

A C T I.

SCENE I, *before Page's house, in Windsor.**Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.*

* *Shal.* **S**IR *Hugh*, persuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falstaff's*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, Esquire.

Slen. In the county of *Gloucester*, justice of peace, and *Coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *Rotulorum* too; and a gentleman born, Master Parson, who writes himself *Armigero*, to any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation—*Armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done, any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't: and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white *Luces*, in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white *Lowfes* † do become an old coat well; it agrees well *Passant*; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

* *Shallow* is an odd kind of an humorist, and requires risible features, with arch antiquated expression; *Slender* cannot be too vacant in face nor utterance; volubility and the *W-s/b* contraction of dialect will equip Sir *Hugh*.

† This pun upon the word *Luce*, which means a pike, may contain for some people humour; but to us it conveys more disgust, than pleasure.

6 THE MERRY WIVES

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaff* have committed disparagements upon you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that*.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword should end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good discretions with it: there is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mrs. *Anne Page*? she has brown hair, and speaks small, like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire: and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, as her grandfire upon his death-bed give her, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master *Abraham Slender*, and Mistrefs *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her grandfire leave her seven hundred pounds!

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman: she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well; let us see honest Mr. *Page*; is *Falstaff* there?

* The parson here urges peace, pleasantly enough; but his frequent mention of the Divinity is not fit for stage representation.

Eva.

* *Eva.* Shall I tell you a lye? I do despise a lyar, as I do despise one that is false; as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir *John*, is there: and I beseech you be ruled by your well wishers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for Master *Page*. What, hoa! Got blefs your house here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here's Got's plessing and your friend, and Justice *Shallow*; and here's young Master *Slender*, that peradventure shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worship's well: I thank you for my venison, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart; I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress *Page*? And I thank you always with my heart, la.; with my heart. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

Page. Sir, he's within; and I would I could do a good office between you!

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confels it.

Shal. If it be confels'd, it is not redrefs'd; is not that so, Master *Page*? He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: believe me, *Robert Shallow*, Esquire, faith, he is wrong'd †.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

‡ *Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.*

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the king?

* *Evans*, as a *Welshman*, should say *Hur* instead of *I*.

† The reseatment of *Shallow* is expressed in terms ludicrously entertaining; indeed preservation of character, whether natural or antic, seems to be *Shakespeare's* constant care.

‡ For the stage requisites to do Sir *John*, &c. justice; vide First Part of *Henry the Fourth*.

Shal.

8 THE MERRY WIVES

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it, straight; I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were not known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? Good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, fir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your coney-catching rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* cheese.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say, *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you; now let us understand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is Master *Page*, *fidelicet*, Master *Page*; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the third party is, lastly, and finally, mine host of the *Garter*.

Mr. Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot: I will make a prief of it in my note book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discretions as we can.

Fal. *Pistol*.

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam; what phrase is this, he hears with ears? Why it is affectations.

Fal. *Pistol*, did you pick Master *Slender*'s purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* shovel-boards,

boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece, of *Lead Miller*; by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha! thou mountain foreigner; Sir *John*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this *Latin* bilbo; word of denial in thy *labras** here; word of denial; froth and scum, thou ly'st.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, sir, and pass good humours: I will say marry-trap with you, if you run the base humour on me; that is the very note of it†.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fye, what the ignorance is.

Bard. And being sap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd, and so conclusions past the carriers.

Slen. Ay, you spoke in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick; and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen, you hear it.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page, with wine.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*]

Slen. Oh heaven! this is Mistress *Anne Page*,

* *Labras*—for lips.

† These Jargonite followers of the fat Knight, utter what we think very insipid trash; an obscure kind of knock-me-down slang; the whole scene we think composed of obsolete immaterial quibble; *Pistol's* hat, boots, and whiskers, are the merriest part of it.

Enter

10 THE MERRY WIVES

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, meeting.

Page. How now, Mistress *Ford*?

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, Mistress *Ford*.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome; come, we have a hot venison patty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exit Falstaff, Page, &c.]

Maient Shallow, Evans, and Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How, now *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake*, upon *Allhallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Marilemas*?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off, by Sir *Hugh* here: do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, fir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I will do that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, fir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you, pardon me: he's a justice of peace in his country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, fir.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers * philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the begining, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt. But if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely †.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer; save, the fault is in th' ort dissolutely: the ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely; his meaning is goot.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress *Anne*. Would I were young, for your sake, Mistress *Anne*!

* Sir *Hugh's* circumstantiality, and calling in philosophers to prove that the lips are a part of the mouth, is laughable, and descriptive of a whimsical methodical pedagogue.

† We are rather apt to think, however weak *Slender* may be supposed, that our author has here furnished him with too strained a confusion of words.

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Anne. The dinner is on the table ; my father desires your Worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the grace. [*Excunt Shallow and Evans.*]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you forsooth, heartily, I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not an hungry, I thank you, forsooth : go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin *Shallow*. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead ; but what tho', yet I live a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worship ; they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing ; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. * I had rather walk here, I thank you ; I bruis'd my shin th'other day, with playing at sword and dagger, with a master of fence, three veney's † for a dish of stewed prunes, and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat, since. Why do your dogs bark so ? be there bears i'th' town ?

Anne. I think there are, sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in *England*. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not ?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now ; I have seen *Sackerson* loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the chain ; but, I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriekt at it, that it past : but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em ; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

* *Slender's* maidenly shyness, and his ridiculous evasion of going in to dinner, always create mirth in representation : his turn to the bears is very natural, and exceeding laughable.

† *Veney's*—bouts ; the dish of stewed prunes is a most characteristic bet for *Slender*.

Enter

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir. [*Exit Page.*]

Slen. Mistress *Anne*, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Re-enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius*' house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurse; or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is better yet; give her this letter; for it is a'omen that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress *Anne Page*, and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mrs. *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III, the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, meeting Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

* *Fal.* Which of you know *Ford*, of this town?

* The third scene commences better here, than with that page of ribaldry in the original, which is properly pared off.

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Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, what think you I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Pistol*: Indeed I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford's* wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourfes, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her will, out of honesty into *English*.

Fal. Now the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page's* wife, who even now gave me willing eyes too, examin'd my parts; sometimes she kindly view'd my goodly legs, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did so course o'er my exterior with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass: here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too; she is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my *East* and *West Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mrs. *Page*, and thou this to Mistress *Ford*: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive*.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become;
And by my fide wear steel? Then, *Lucifer*, take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here take the

* *Falstaff's* ridiculous vanity is well set forth, by the supposition that Mrs. *Ford* and Mrs. *Page* are so deeply captivated, as not only to sacrifice the honour, but the purses, of their husbands, to him.

humour letter, I will keep the 'haviour of reputation *.

Fal. Here, boy, bear you these letters as they are directed. [To Robin.

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, avaunt, vanish like hail stones; go.

Trudge, plod away o'th'hoof, seek shelter, pack:

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age.

French thrift, you rogues, myself, and skirted *Page*.

[Exit *Fal.* and *Boy*.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for *gord* and † *fullam* holds: and high and low beguiles the rich and poor. Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, base *Phrygian Turk*.

Nym. I have operations in my head,
Which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love, to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold
How *Falstaff*, varlêt vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will incense *Ford*
to deal with poison. I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV, 'Doctor Caius' House.

Enter *Mistress Quickly*, *Simple*, and *John Rugby*.

Quick. What, *John Rugby*! I pray thee go to the easement, and see if you can see my master, master

* There is somewhat not to be expected in this behaviour of those worthy gentlemen, *Nym* and *Pistol*; when profit was proposed, we could not suppose sons of rapine would entertain such delicate scruples.

† *Gord* and *fullam*—implements of gaming, then in use.

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doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, I'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of heav'n's patience, and the king's *Englisb*.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[*Exit Rugby*.]

Quic. Go, we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire: an honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and I warrant you no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate*; his worst fault is, that he is given to canting; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. *Peter Simple* you say your name is.

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And, master *Slender*'s your master?

Simp. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's paring-knife?

Simp. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you? Oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Simp. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse fortune. Tell master parson *Evans* I will do what I can for your master: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wish—

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be undone; run in here, good young man; go into this closet; [*Shuts Simple in the closet*.] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby*? *John*! What *John*, I say; go *John*, go inquire for my master, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home; and down, down, down a, &c. [*Sings*.]

* *Breedbate*—a stirrer of contention.

Enter

Enter Doctor Caius.*

Caius. Vat is you finging? I do not like des toys; pray you go and vetch me in my closet, *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a-box; do intend vat I speak? a green a-box.

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*]

Caius. *Fe, se, se, se, ma foi. Il fait fort chaud, je m'en vaie a la Cour—la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mette le au mon pocket, *depech*, quickly: Ver is dat knave *Rugby*?

Quic. What, *John Rugby*? *John*!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, fir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot I tarry too long, Od's me, *Qu'ay je oublie*: dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vil not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is in my closet?

Villaine, *Larron, Rugby*! my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*]

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore should I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson *Hugh*.

Caius. Vell.

* Doctor Caius should personate an antiquated French physician, as much as possible; he should break the *English* well, be full of action and grimace, with expression peculiarly emphatic and vehement.

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Simp. Ay forsooth, to desire her to—

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace a your tongue, speak a your tale.

Simp. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress *Anne Page*, for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed—la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* send-a you? *Rugby*, baillez me some paper; tarry you a little a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French* doctor, my master, I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all, myself*.

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you advis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early, and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with Mistress *Anne Page*; but notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack-a-nape; give a this letter to Sir *Hugh*; by gar it is a challenge: I will cut his troat in de parke, and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make—You may be gone, it is not good you tarry here. [Exit Simple.]

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter a ver dat: do you not tell-a me dat I shall have *Anne Page* for myself? by gar, I will kill de jack preest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Farter* to measure our weapon; by gar, I will myself have *Anne Page*.

* This Mrs. *Quickly*, though changed into Doctor *Caius's* servant, by her style and loquacity is no other than the hostess of that name; she should be represented, as we have said elsewhere.

Quick.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what the good-jer.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the court with me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your head out of my door; follow my heels, *Rugby*. [*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have a fool's head of your own. No, I know *Anne's* mind for that; never a woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [*within*] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? How does pretty Mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that, by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you: have not your worship a wart, above your eye*?

Fent. Yes, marry have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing; but for you—Well—go to—

Fent. Well, I shall see her, to-day; hold, there's money for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me—

* *Quickly* shews herself here, as well as hereafter, to be a most pliant able go-between, equally disposed to oblige all employers.

Quic.

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Quic. Will I? Ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other woovers.

Fent. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your worship. Truly an honest gentleman; but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.**

* To the first Act we must allow a good deal of business, with some humour; we are well made acquainted with the characters, and the plot opens properly, but a little more life is wanting.

ACT II.

SCENE I, a Street before Mr. Page's House.

Enter Mrs. Page, with a Letter.

Mrs. Page. **W**HAT, have I 'scap'd love letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no reasons why I love you, for though love uses Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then; there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me.

*By me, thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.* John Falstaff.

What a *Herod* of *Jewry* is this! O wicked, wicked world! what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemish* drunkard pickt out of my conversation, that he dares
in

in this manner assay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: how shall I be revenged on him? for reveng'd I will be.

*Enter Mrs. Ford **.

Mrs. Ford. *Mrs. Page*, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that. I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O *Mistress Page*, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. Why, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What! you jest.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light—here, read, read, perceive how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear, praise women's modesty, and give such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale ashore at *Windsor*? How shall I be reveng'd on him? Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this

* *Mrs. Ford* and *Mrs. Page* should both be flighty women; but the former requires more spirit, archness and pleasantry, than the latter.

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mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters writ with blank spaces, for different names.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words: what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty*: I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for sure unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford*. Boarding, call it you?

Mrs. *Page*. Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a meeting, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the *Garter*.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty†: O that my husband saw this letter, it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. *Page*. Why, look where he comes, and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause, and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. *Ford*. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. *Page*. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [They retire. ‡

Enter Ford and Page.

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not ||?

* We think Mrs. *Page*'s speech should end here: some indelicacies are omitted, and the introduction to them should be omitted also.

† *Chariness*, the delicacy of our honesty.

‡ There is a low unessential scene of *Pistol* and *Nym*, putting in execution what they proposed when last we saw them, properly cut off here.

|| *Page* requires but moderate abilities; *Ford* asks for an actor of considerable talents; the generous unsuspecting, therefore happy husband, opposed to the suspicious, and consequently tormented one, is a good instructive contrast.

Page.

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves, I do not think the knight would offer it; but these that accuse him in this intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men, very rogues now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.

Does he lie at the *Garter*?

Page. Ay, marry does he. If he would intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the *Garter* comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rock? thou'rt a gentleman, cavaliero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good Master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully-rock.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh*, the *Welsh* priest, and *Caius*, the *French* doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o'th *Garter*, a word with you,

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rock?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

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Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest, cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Brook*; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be *Brook*. It is a merry knight. Will you go on, heris*?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on distance, your passies, stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I † would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here; shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold, than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.*]

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company, at *Page's* house, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound *Falstaff*: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II, the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Pistol, and Nym.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.—I will retort the sum in equipage †.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated

* *Heris*—an old *English* word for *Master*.

† *Shallow* in this speech is pleasantly descriptive of the vain opinion commonly indulged by old men; that every thing declines as they personally do, and that nothing present can equal their youth.

‡ Stolen goods.

upon

upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, *Nym*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like * a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when Mrs. *Bridget* lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen-pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'it thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word; hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue; you stand upon your honour? why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour precise. I, I, I myself, sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you rogue will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your † red lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn,

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe thee: what would'it thou with me.

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

* *Ageminy*—a couple.

† *Red lattice phrases*—alc-house wit.

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Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Mistress *Ford*, sir; I pray come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well on—Mrs. *Ford*, you say.

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee nobody hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? Heav'n bless them, and make them his servants! [*Exeunt Pistol and Nym.*]

Fal. Well: Mrs. *Ford*—what of her?

Quic. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord, your worship's a wanton; well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray—

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, come, Mistress *Ford*—

Quic. Marry this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries*, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk! and so rustling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me, this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of honesty; and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip in a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been carls, nay, which is more, pensioners: but, I warrant you, all is one with her †.

* *Canaries* here implies a flutter.

† This is as natural and humorous a round-about speech, as could be written on the occasion; the method Mrs. *Ford* and Mrs. *Page* devise to punish *Falstaff*, is just and pleasant, but might not, in real life, terminate so happily as it does in this play.

Fal.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good the *Mercury*?

Quic. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house, between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold * life with him, good heart!

Fal. Ten and eleven; woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship; Mrs. *Page* has her hearty commendations to you, too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil-modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss your morning and evening prayer †, as any is in *Windsor*, whoe'er be the other; and she bad me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely, I think, you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford's* wife and *Page's* wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! But Mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: Her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master *Page* is a very honest man. Never a wife in *Windsor* leads a

* *Frampold*, boisterous.

† *Quickly's* descanting on the virtue and piety of a woman, from whom she brings a message of adulterous tendency, is the right language of a procuress: such gentry always love a sanctified veil.

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better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in *Windſor*, truly she is one. You must send her your page—no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news distracts me.

[*Exit Quic. and Robin.*]

Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? wilt thou, after the expence of so much time and money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one Master *Brook* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. *Brook* is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in—[*Exit Bard.*] Such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah! ha! Mistress *Ford*, and Mistress *Page*, have I encom-pais'd you? Go to, *via*.

Enter Ford disguis'd, and Bardolph.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir; would you speak with me?

Ford.

Ford I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, *Bardolph*. [Exit *Bard.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is *Brook*.

Fal. Good Master *Brook*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender, than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. * Money is a good foldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Mr. *Brook*; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar—I will be brief with you—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire to make myself acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

* Every age complains of gold's irresistible influence; yet from all authors we may collect, that its power has been and continues much the same: corruption is a disorder of long standing, and prevails in every nation, according to its wealth.

Fal. Well, fir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much upon her, follow'd her with a doting observance, ingross'd opportunities to meet her, see'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited; either in my mind, or in my means, meed * I am sure I have received none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this;

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;

"Pursuing that, that flies, and flying what pursues †."

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all: some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, fir!

* *Meed*, return, compensation.

† *Ford* carries on his views with great plausibility, and we think this whole scene extremely well written; his introducing himself with sack, soliciting countenance with money, and flattering Sir *John* as a man of distinguished abilities, are all points well conceived.

Ford.

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is money; spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may, as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embatteled against me. What say you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* wife*.

Ford. O, good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress *Ford*; Master *Brook*, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I say I shall be with her, between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth; come you to me, at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know.

Ford, sir?

* The knight's avarice and self-sufficiency make him here open himself with laughable confidence; which gives *Ford*, though he endeavours to smother them, an opportunity of shewing the secret workings of jealousy.

Fal.

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns; Master *Brook*, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife; come to me soon at night; *Ford*'s a knave, and I'll aggravate his stile: thou, Master *Brook*, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold: come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*]

Ford. * What a damn'd *Epicurean* rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amaimon* sounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbasen* well, yet they are devil's additions, the names of fiends; but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, a secure ass, he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous; I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter; parson *Hugh*, the *Welchman*, with my cheese; an *Irishman* with my *Aquavite* bottle; or a thief to walk my ambling gelding; than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will

* This soliloquy possesses remarkable spirit, force, and propriety; it happily sets forth the rapid, crowding ideas of a much agitated mind, and never fails, when well delivered, to command approbation.
effect.

effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on *Faflaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fy, fy, fy; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold; O, the devil!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Windsor Park.*

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. *Jack Rugby.*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack*.

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, fir, that Sir *Hugh* promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, fir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not so dead as me vill make him; take your rapier, *Jack*, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, fir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany; take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, Bully-doctor.

Shal. Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, fir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see the foigne, to see the traverse, to see the here, to see the there, to see the pass by puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? Ha, bully! What says my *Æsculapius*? My

Galen.

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Galen? my heart of elder? Ha! is he dead, bully-stale?
Is he dead*?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack* priest of de vorld;
he is not show his face.

Hofl. Thou art a *Castalian King Urinal: Hector* of
Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay fix
or seven, two, tree hours, for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is a wiser man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer
of souls, and you are a curer of bodies: if you should
fight, you go against the hair of your professions: Is it
not true, Master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have yourself been a great
fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of
peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make
one; tho' we are justices, and doctors, and church-men,
Mr. *Page*, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are
the sons of women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Dr. *Caius*,
I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the
peace; you have shewed yourself a wise physician,
and Sir *Hugh* hath shewn himself a wise and patient
church-man: you must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hofl. Pardon, guest-justice; a word, Monsieur Mock-
water.

Caius. Mock-vater? Vat is dat?

Hofl. Mock-water, in our *English* Tongue, is valour,
bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as
de scurvy jack-dog-priest; by gar me will cut his
ears.

Hofl. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper de-claw? Vat is dat †?

* This is a very whimsical, pompous rhapsody of nothingness,
very full of sound, with, as was plainly intended, mighty little
meaning.

† The whole humour of this scene lies in the *Frenchman's* mis-
taking the meaning of words.

Hofl.

Hof. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hof. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, bully; but first, Mr. *Guest*, and Mr. *Page*, and eke *Cavalerio Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hof. He is there; see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Exit Page, Shal. and Slen.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an ape to *Anne Page*.

Hof. Sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where Mistress *Anne Page* is, at a farm-house a feasting, and thou shalt woo her: said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat! by gar, I love you; and I will procure 'a you de good guest; de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which I will be thy adversary toward *Anne Page*: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Hof. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*. [*Exeunt.**]

* This Act is much beyond the first, more busy, better in dialogue, and more impregnated with intelligible humour.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *Frogmore, near Windsor.**Enter Evans and Simple.*

Eva. I PRAY you now, good Master *Slender's* serving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Simp. Marry, sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, *Old Windsor* way, and every way, but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul, how full of cholars I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me; how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the ork; 'pless my soul:

By shallow rivers to whose falls

Melodious birds sing madrigals;

There will we make our beds with roses,

And a thousand vagrant poses.

*By shallow—*Mercy on me, I have a great disposition to cry!

Melodious birds sing madrigals

—When as I sat in pabilon;

And a thousand vagrant poses.

By shallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. He's welcome. *By shallow rivers to whose falls—*Heaven prosper the right! what weapons is he.

Sim. No weapons, sir; there comes my master, Mr. *Shallow*, and another gentleman from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, Master Parson? Good-morrow, good

* Making the parson sing, while in expectation, marks a whimsical oddity of disposition, and generally creates much laughter.

Sir *Hugh*. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Sen. Ah, sweet *Anne Page*!

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Ples you from his mercy sake, all of you.

Shal. What the sword and the word?

Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, be-like, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience; that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upwards; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him—Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of porridge*.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave besides, a cowardly knave, as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Sen. O sweet *Anne Page*!

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so by his weapons: keep them asunder; here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

* Falling so suddenly into the violence of passion at mention of his antagonist's name, is much in the style of *Welsh* vehemence.

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Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *English* *.

Caius. I pray you, let a me speak a word with the ear: wherefore will you not meet a ine?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing stocks to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cog's comb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!* *Jack* *Rugby*, mine host *de* *Garter*, have not I stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at the place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian soul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgement by mine host of the *Garter*.

Host. Peace, I say; *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welsh*, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the *Garter*. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a *Machiavel*? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my Sir, *Hugh*? no; he gives me the proverbs, and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so give us thy hand, celestial: so, boys of art, I have deceived you both, I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow †.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host! follow, gentlemen, follow.

Sten. O sweet *Anne* *Page*! [*Ex. Shal. Page, and Host.*]

* The Host here is not unpleasant.

† The Host's playing on the folly of two romantic, scientific fools is well devised; his own words, with his station in life, sufficiently shew what an appearance and utterance he should have.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive / dat? Have you make a
de sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-flog:
I desire you that we may be friends, and let us knog our
prains together, to be revenge on this same scall'd scurvy
cogging companion, the hoit of the *Garter*.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring
me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddies; pray you
follow. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II, a Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant, you
were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader:
whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your
master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man,
than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy, now you'll be
a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, *Mistress Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; is she at
home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for
want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead,
you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is,
my husband had him of: what do you call your knight's
name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Ford. Sir *John Falstaff*!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit his name; there
is such a league between my good man and he; is your
good wife at home, indeed?

L 2

Ford.

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Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir; I am sick till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

* *Ford.* Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score: he pieces out his wife's inclination, he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaff's* boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind; and *Falstaff's* boy with her! good plots, they are laid. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming *Mrs. Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Aceon*—[*Clock strikes ten.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there shall I find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Mr. *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I, sir:

We have appointed to dine with Mistress *Anne*; And I would not break with her for more money Than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my cousin *Slender*; and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I shall have your good will, father *Page*.

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*, I stand wholly for you; but my wife, master doctor, is for you, all-together.

* Here again *Ford* expresses his alarmed feelings, with spirited propriety; and his speech tells favourably for the actor, whenever the actor deals favourably by it; help is reciprocal between them.

Caius

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love a-me: my nursh-a-*Quickly* tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young Mr. *Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-days, he smells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you: The wealth I have, waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer, you shall have sport; and I will shew you a monster. Mr. Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well;

We shall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page's*.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*; I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my heart; I will to my honest knight *Falstaff*, and drink canary with him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Ford's House.

Enter Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, and servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. What *John*! what *Robert*!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in *Datchet* mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

L 3

Mrs.

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Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over ; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket *, what news with you ?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little jack-a-lent, have you been true to us ?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn ; my master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it ; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou art a good boy ; I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so ; go tell thy master I am alone ; Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [Exit Rob.]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee ; if I do not act it, hifs me. [Exit Mrs. Page.]

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then ; we'll use this unwholsome humidity, this gross watry pumpion—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel ? This is the period of my ambition : O this blessed hour !

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John !

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog ; I cannot flatter, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish. I would thy husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best lord in the land, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John ? Alas, I would be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another : I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond : thou hast the right arched bent of the brow.

* *Eyas-musket*—in *Italian*, implies a troublesome stinging fly.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchiffe, Sir *John*:
My brows become nothing else, nor that well, neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so, thou would'st make an absolute courtier. If Fortune's thy foe, Nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee. There's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping haw-thorn buds that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Bury* in simpling-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love Mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the *Counter-gate*, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln*.

Mrs. Ford. Well, 'tis certain I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do: or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [within] Mistress *Ford*, Mistress *Ford*, here's Mistress *Page* at the door, and must needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you do so; she's a very tattling woman.

Enter Mrs. Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O Mistress *Ford*, what have you done, now? You're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone, for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress *Page*?

* It is no wonder Sir *John*, whose finances were mostly low, should make so unfavourable a simile to a prison-gate.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. O well a day, Mistress *Ford*, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. *Ford*. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. *Page*. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you; how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. *Ford*. What alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. *Page*. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windſor*, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford*. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. *Page*. Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half *Windſor* at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life, for ever*.

Mrs. *Ford*. What shall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. *Page*. For shame, never stand you had rather, and you had rather; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance; in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how you have deceived me! look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet* mead.

Mrs. *Ford*. He is too big to go in there: what shall I do!

* This conversation between Mrs. *Page* and Mrs. *Ford* is most entertainingly conceived to heighten *Falstaff's* dilemma; and the audience's enjoyment of it plainly proves the merit.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't,
I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel; I'll in*.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir *John Falstaff*? are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away! let me creep in here:
I'll never—

[He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover him; call your men, *Mrs.*

Ford. You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up these cloaths here quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? Carry them to the laundress, at *Datchet* mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you come near; if I suspect, without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Ser. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing!

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck: buck, buck, buck, ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear.

[Exeunt Servants with the basket.]

Gentlemen, I have dreamt to night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here, by my eyes; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way, first: so, now uncape.

Page. Good Master *Ford*, be contented:

You wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master *Page*. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*—

* Nothing can be more laughable than the overgrown lover's trembling readiness to cram himself any where.

Page.

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Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.
[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here! I never saw him so gross in his jealousy, till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falstaff*.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, *Mistress Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for, to-morrow, by eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I, peace;—you use me well, Master *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Enter Evans.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the colfers, and in the presses, heav'n forgive my sins!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fye, fye, Mr. *Ford*, are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil, suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windsor-Castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page*, I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for pad conscience; your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress *Page*; I pray you pardon me: pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Pray you go, Mr. *Page*.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave! to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Mr. Page's House.

Enter Fenton, and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet *Nan*.

Anne.

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Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne*;
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value,
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself,
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet seek my father's love, still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then—hark you hither.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress *Quickly*.
My kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on it: 'D'llid, 'tis
but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:
I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

Quic. Hark'ye; Mr. *Slender* would speak a word with
you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my father's choice.
O what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good Master *Fenton*?
Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming: to her, coz.
O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you
good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the
jest,

jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mrs. *Anne*, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Gloucestershire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds a year jointure.

Anne. Good Master *Shallow*, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort; she calls you, *Coz.* I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good Mrs. *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? *Od's-heart-tings*, that's a pretty jest, indeed: I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heav'n praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

* *Slen.* Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master *Slender*: love him, daughter *Anne*. Why how now? What does Master *Fenton*, here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fen. Nay, Master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page.* Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master *Fenton*.

Come, Master *Shallow*; come, Son *Slender*, in. Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master *Fenton*.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

* The shame-faced unmeaning cub is here naturally set forth.

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Quic. Speak to Mistress *Page*.

Fent. Good Mistress *Page*, for that I love your daughter,
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That is my master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself, good Master
Fenton.

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you;

And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then farewell, sir; she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistress; farewell *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing, now. Nay, said I, will you
Cast away your child on a fool and a physician?
Look on Master *Fenton*: this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to night,
Give my sweet *Nan* this ring. There's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*]

Quic. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind
heart he hath; a woman would run through fire and
water, for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my
master had Mistress *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had
her; or, in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will
do what I can for them all three, for so I have prom-
ised; and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously
for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir
John Falstaff, from my two mistresses; what a beast am
I, to slack it!

SCENE V. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph*!

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't. [*Ex.*
Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like a barrow
of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? Well,
if

If I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains taken out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues flighted me into the river, with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' th' litter; and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing would I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy*.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, sir, to speak with you..

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames* water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills. Call her in..

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy..
Give your worship good-morrow,

Fal. *Bardolph*!

Go brew me a pottle of sack, finely..

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself: I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, sir, I come to your worship, from Mistress *Ford*?

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly-full of ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: She does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

* This speech of the unfortunate knight's, is luxuriantly humorous, and strictly picturesque; he states his lamentable case, most feelingly.

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Quic. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine. I must carry her word, quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

* *Fal.* Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone, I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, sir. [Exit.

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master *Brook*; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. Now, Master *Brook*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my business.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will not lye to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, sir.

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master *Brook*.

Ford. How, sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, Master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and as it were spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

* For a man of *Falstaff's* timidity, after the peril he has been so lately in, to consent to another hazard, without more persuasion, seems a slight deviation from character.

Ford.

Ford. What, while you were there!

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one *Mistress Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford's* approach, and, by her invention, and *Ford's* wife's direction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins, that, Master *Brook*, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master *Brook*, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil, for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of *Ford's* knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me, in the name of foul cloaths, to *Datchet-lane*. They took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master, at the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he, for a search, and away went I, for foul cloaths; but mark the sequel, Master *Brook*, I suffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: First, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next, to be compassed like a good * bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stopt, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths, that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a *Dutch* dish, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd, glowing hot,

* *Bilbo*—a flexible *Spanish* blade, that may be wrapped round in a small compass.

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in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot; think of that, Master *Brook* *.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Ætna*, as I have been into the *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding; I have received from her another embassy of meeting? 'Twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight, already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her; adieu, you shall have her, Master *Brook*; Master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit*.

Ford. Hum! ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dream? Do I sleep? Master *Ford*, awake; awake, Master *Ford*; there's a hole made in your best coat, Master *Ford*; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am; I will now take the letcher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me, 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box. But, lest the Devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame; if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be *horn mad*. [*Exit*. †

* After the speech noted at the beginning of the scene, it is hard to imagine that the same circumstance could so soon be entertainingly recited; yet the picture is here so varied and so heightened, that it comes upon our feelings with additional force.

† *Ford* is uniformly characteristic, and his part contains as much matter as dwelling so long on the same subject would admit; the whole third Act is much better than any other in the piece.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I. Ford's House.

* *Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.*

Fal. **M**ISTRESS *Ford*, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, *Mrs. Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in the accoutrement, compliment, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband, now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. [*within*] What, ho, gossip *Ford*! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir *John*.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet heart, who's at home, besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly I am glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns, again; he so takes on, yonder, with my husband, so rails against all married mankind; I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am

* That ridiculous excrescence of scene in the original, which begins the fourth Act with an examination of young *Page* in grammar, is justly cut off, the act commencing much better here.

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glad the knight is not here ; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, *Mrs. Page*?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone : the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then thou art utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you ! away with him, away with him : better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go ? How should I bestow him, shall I put him into the basket, again ?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' basket : May I not go out, ere he come ?

Mrs. Page. Alas, alas, three of Master *Ford's* brothers watch the door, with pistols, that none should issue out ; otherwise you might slip away, ere he came : but what make you here ?

Fal. I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always used to discharge their birding pieces ; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it ?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word ; neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note ; there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. Ill go out, then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unless you go out disguised. How might we disguise him ?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not : there is no woman's gown big enough for him, otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good heart, devise something ; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brentford*, has a gown above.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Ford*. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*; Mrs. *Page* and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. *Page*. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. *Ford*. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brentford*; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. *Page*. Ay, in good sadness is he, and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford*. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, but he'll be here, presently; let's go dress him like the witch of *Brentford*.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linen for him, straight.

[*Exit Mrs. Page.*]

Mrs. *Ford*. Here, *John*, *Robert*. Go, firs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him; quickly, dispatch.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

Servants take up the basket.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villains; somebody, call my wife: youth in a basket! Oh you pandarly rascals, there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy against me! now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife! I say; come, come forth, behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why this is extravagance, Master *Ford*; you are not to go loose, any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why this is lunatics; this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal.

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Shal. Indeed, Master *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir. [*Ent. Mrs. Ford.*] Come hither, Mistress *Ford*, Mistress *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband: I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face, hold it out: come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*]

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? Let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you, anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's * cloaths? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house, yesterday, in this basket; why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable, pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he is not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house, this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, "as jealous as *Ford*, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's love." Satisfy me, once more, once more search with me.

* This witticism of Sir *Hugh*'s, might very well be spared.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, Mistress *Page*! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brentford*.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! have I not forbid her my house? she comes of errands, does she? Come down, you witch, you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

*Enter Falstaff, in womens cloaths *.*

Mrs. Page. Come, mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her, out of my door, you witch, [*beats him*—you hag, you baggage, you polecat, out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff*.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed?
I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch, indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour, a little further:
Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt*.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

* This metamorphose of *Falstaff's*, besides being a good variation of punishment, naturally produces a most risible appearance.

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Mrs. *Ford*. What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. *Page*. The spirit of wantonness is sure scared out of him.

Mrs. *Ford*. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. *Page*. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed; and methink there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. *Page*. Come, to the forge with it, then shape it. I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the *German* desires to have three of your horses; the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak *English*.

Bar. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sawce them. They have had my house a week at command, I have turned away my other guests; they must compt off; I'll sawce them; come. [*Exeunt.* *

SCENE III. *Ford's House.*

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

* The time allowed by these four speeches, for *The Merry Wives* to explain *Falstaff's* amour, is strangely short; though the *Host* and *Bardolph* are merely thrust in, to give them pause.

Page. And did he send you both these letters, at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife; henceforth, do what thou wilt: I rather will suspect the sun with cold, Than thee with wantonness; now doth thy honour stand, In him that was of late an heretic, As firm of faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extreme in submission as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: let our wives,
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park, at midnight? Fy, fy, he'll never come.

Eva. You say he hath been thrown into the river; and hath been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes; and let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in *Windjör* forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still of midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
You've heard of such a spirit, and well you know
'The superstitious idle-headed *Eld* *
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of *Herne* the hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne's* oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device,
'That *Falstaff* at this oak shall meet with us.

* Old people.

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Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come. And in this shape when you have brought him hither, What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon*.

Eva. Let us about it;

It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaveries.

{*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*

SCENE IV. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new: go, knock and call! he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up int' his chamber; I'll be so bold as to stay, sir, till she come down. I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully knight! bully Sir *John*! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there?—It is thine *Host*, thine *Ephesian*, calls.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. How now, mine *Host*?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian Tartar* carries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fy, privacy! fy.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of *Brentford*?

* After this, there is a page of unnecessary explanation judiciously cut out; the scene, in its present state, hangs more than we could wish.

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell *, what would you with her?

Simp. My master, sir, my master *Slender*, sent to her, seeing her go thro' the street, to know, sir, whether one *Nym*, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself. I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal 'em, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress *Anne Page*, to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: go, say the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simp.]

Host. Thou art clerkly; thou art clerkly, Sir *John*: was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Host*, one that hath taught me more wit, than ever I learn'd before, in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning. [Exit Host.] If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermens boots with it. I warrant, they would whip

* *Mussel-shell*—is well applied to open mouth'd simplicity.

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me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fal'n as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed; I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffered? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; Mistress *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue! I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brentford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of a mad woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i'th' stocks, i'th' common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you, in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together!

Fal. Come up into my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

* The fourth Act, though much reduced in the performance, is still long enough for any matter it contains, and its conclusion is rendered more agreeable, by getting rid of that insipid scene which *Shakspeare* tacked to it.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The Garter Inn.**Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.*

Fal. P'R'ythee no more prattling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers; away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can, to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mistress Quickly.*]

Fal. Away, I say, time wears; hold up your head, and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, Master *Brook*? Master *Brook*, the matter will be known, to-night, or never. Be you in the park, about midnight, at *Herne's* oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her, yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master *Brook*, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master *Brook*, like a poor old woman. The same knave, *Ford*, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master *Brook*, that ever govern'd phrenzy. I will tell you, he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, Master *Brook*, I fear not *Goliath* with a weaver's beam, Master *Brook*, since I pluckt geese, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hands. Follow; strange things in hand, Master *Brook*; follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Windfor Park.**Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Page. Come, come, we'll couch i'th castle-ditch, 'till

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we see the light of our Fairies. Remember, Son *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white; and cry *mum*, she cries *budget*, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? The white will decypher her, well enough. It hath struck ten a clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well; heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil, but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is *Nan*, now, and her troop of Fairies, and the *Welsh* devil, *Evans*?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit, hard by *Horne's* oak, with obscur'd lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our meeting, they will at once display to the knight.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember your parts: be bold, I pray you, follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. The *Windsor* bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on; I am here a *Windsor* stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th' forest. Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there, my deer? My male-deer?

Fal. My doe! Let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*, hail kissing-comfits, and spow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page* is come with me, sweet heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

[*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford. *Mrs. Page*, away, away.

[*The women run out.*]

Enter Evans and Fairies, they pinch Falstaff, and exeunt.

Enter

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Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold of him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly, I think we have watch'd you now:

Will none but *Herne* the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windsor* wives?

See you these husbands? Do not these fair yokes

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold; now?

Master *Brook*, *Falstaff's* a knave, a cuckoldly knave, Here are his horns, Master *Brook*.

And, Master *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford's*, but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to Master *Brook*; his horses are arrested for it, Master *Brook*.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, that they were Fairies. See now, how wit may be made a-Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve hear'n, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, Fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

* This third punishment of *Falstaff*, and their baiting him in the shape of *Herne* the hunter, does not rise and operate upon us with catastrophic force; we are not so much interested as we should be in this place.

Fal.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welsh* goat, too? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a piece of roasted cheese.

Eva. Cheese is not good to give putter; your belly is all putter.

Fal. Cheese and putter? Have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of *English*?

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Mrs. Ford. What a hodge pudding? A bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as *Satan*?

Page. Old, and as poor as *Job*?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, starings, pribles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me, I am dejected; I am not able to answer the *Welsh* flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to *Windsor*, to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay the money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou shalt eat a posset, to-night, at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor *Caius's* wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! Father *Page*!

Page.

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Page. Son? How now? How now, son?
Have you dispatch'd!

Slen. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* know on't; would I were hang'd-la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl; if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly.
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as *Anne* and I had appointed; and yet it was not *Anne*, but a post-master's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

*Enter Caius.**

Caius. Vere is Mistress *Page*? by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garsoon, a boy; one peasant, by gar. A boy; it is not *Anne Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy; by gar, I'll raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Mr. *Fenton*?

* The cheats put upon *Slender* and *Caius* throw a gleam of spirit upon this scene.

Anne.

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, mistress,

How chance you went not with Mr. *Slender*?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it.

You would have marry'd her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love:

The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us*.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy.

In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special stand to
strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee
joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further, Mr. *Fenton*.

Heav'n give you many, many merry days!

Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er, by a country fire,

Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so, Sir *John*:

To Master *Brook* you yet shall hold your word;

For he to-night shall lie with Mistress *Ford*.

[*Exeunt omnes.* †

* These lines, though they usually are, should not be omitted:

Tb' offence is holy that she hath committed,

And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or undutecous title;

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

† The last Act is so spiritless, that it throws a damp upon the preceding ones; the greatest merit we find is its brevity, for the whole, as acted, does not extend above seven pages.

End of The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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“ ment of the *man of business*, as well as of *letters*;
“ for *men of fashion* and *fortune*, as well as of *study*;
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“ those who would form a system of useful and agree-
“ able knowledge, in a manner peculiar to them-
“ selves, while they are following their accustomed
“ pursuits, either of profit or pleasure.”



HAMLET.

Act V.

Scene I.



E. Edwards del.

J. Smith sculp.

Alas, poor Yorick!

Published according to Act of Parliament.

H A M L E T,

PRINCE of DENMARK.

A TRAGEDY, by SHAKESPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Regulated from the PROMPT-BOOK,

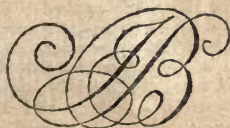
With PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. YOUNGER, Prompter.

An INTRODUCTION, and NOTES
CRITICAL and ILLUSTRATIVE,

ARE ADDED BY THE

AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand;
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCLXXIII.

INTRODUCTION.

HAMLET has long been counted one of our first-rate dramatic productions, and must continue to enjoy that praise; and indeed with great justice, for it contains many unparalleled beauties, with some egregious blemishes. As originally written, it must take up four hours in action; an intolerable time; however, from this, as well as all his plays, it may be surmised, that the vitiated taste of Shakespeare's audience required occasional trifling; that, going to the play so early as four o'clock, they did not mind an hour extraordinary, and possibly wanted as much as they could get for money. The plot of this, is rather irregularly carried on, and the winding up exceeding lame; the Dramatic Censor points out this, more at large, than our scheme will admit. Therefore to that work we refer, for further information. We may assert, that the principal character, which makes it a great weight for an actor to bear, is not only the chief, but sole support; however, he is furnished with excellent materials, for that purpose.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
King,	Mr. JEFFERSON.	Mr. GARDNER.
HAMLET,	Mr. GARRICK.	Mr. SMITH.
POLONIUS,	Mr. BADDELEY.	Mr. SHUTER.
HORATIO,	Mr. PACKER.	Mr. HULL.
LAERTES,	Mr. J. AICKIN.	Mr. DAVIS.
ROSENCRAUS,	Mr. DAVIES.	Mr. R. SMITH.
GUILDEN- STERN,	} Mr. FAWCETT.	Mr. LEWIS.
OSTRICK,	Mr. DODD.	Mr. DYER.
MARCELLUS,	Mr. ACKMAN.	Mr. THOMPSON.
BERNARDO,	Mr. WRIGHTEN.	Mr. BATES.
FRANCISCO,	Mr. GRIFFITH.	Mr. HOLTOM.
Player King,	Mr. KEEN.	Mr. WIGNELL.
Ghost,	Mr. BRANSEY.	Mr. BENSLEY.
Two Grave- diggers,	} Mr. PARSONS. Mr. WALDRON.	Mr. DUNSTALL. Mr. STOPPELAER.

Queen,	Mrs. HOPKINS.	Miss MILLER.
OPHELIA,	Mrs. SMITH.	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Player Queen,	Mrs. JOHNSTON.	Mrs. PEARCE.
Ladies attending on the Queen.		

SCENE, *ELSINOOR.*

HAMLET.

H A M L E T.

A C T I.

An open Place before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.*

Ber. WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, *Francisco*.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good-night. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter † Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.

Fran. Good-night.

* The opening of this tragedy, is happily preparative to the future incidents and subject.

† The requisites for *Horatio* are an easy deportment, genteel figure, and smooth level delivery.

Mar. Farewel, honest soldier. Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: good-night. [*Ex. Fran.*]

Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*!

Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*: welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again, to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says 'tis but a phantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him,

'Touching the dreadful light, twice seen of us:

Therefore I have entreated him, along

With us, to watch the minutes of this night,

'That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. 'Twill not appear.

Ber. Come, let us once again assail your ears,

'That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yon same star, that's westward from the Pole,

Had made his course to enlighten that part of heaven,

Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and myself,

'The bell then beating one—

Mar. Peace, break thee off—

Enter Ghost *.

Look, where it comes again.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. Looks it not like the king?

Hor. Most like: it startles me with fear and wonder.

* If criticism or common sense can forgive the idea of a Ghost, this of *Hamlet's* father lays the foremost claim to pardon and praise; it should be figured above the middle size, and uttered by a round deep mellow voice; the mode of expression rather pompous, to mark a supernatural Being.

Ber.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of bury'd *Denmark*,
Did somerimes march? I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay, speak, speak: I charge thee speak.

[Exit Ghost.]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble, and look pale.
Is not this something more than phantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. I could not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When th' ambitious *Norway* he combated.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at the same hour,
With martial stalk, hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not,
But in the scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Pray tell me, he that knows *,
Why this same strict and most observant watch,
So nightly toils the subjects of the land?
And makes the night joint labourer with the day?
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I; our last king,
Whose image e'en but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*
Did slay this *Fortinbras*; who, by seal'd compact,

* We cannot be altogether of opinion, that persons struck by so awful and unusual an appearance, could so soon turn to another subject of conversation.

Well ratify'd by law and heraldry,
 Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands,
 Which he stood seisd of, to the conqueror :
 Now, sir, young *Fortinbras*,
 Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
 Hath, in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
 Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
 To recover those aforesaid lands
 So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations.

Ber. I think it is no other, but even so.

Enter Ghost again.

Hor. But soft ! behold ! lo, where it comes again !
 I'll cross it, tho' it blast me. Stay, illusion !

[Spreading his arms.]

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
 Speak to me—If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
 Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which happily foreknowing may avoid, O speak !
 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life,
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows.]

Speak of it. Stay and speak—Stop it, *Marcellus*.

Mar. 'Tis gone—

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
 To offer it the shew of violence ;
 It is ever, as the air, invulnerable,
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat,
 Awake the god of day : and at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

Th.

Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine *.

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our watch up, and by my-advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night,
Unto young *Hamlet*: Perhaps
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Hamlet †, Polonius, Laertes, Gentlemen, and Guards.

King. † Tho' yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along.
But now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit. What is't, *Laertes*?

Laer. My dear lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;

* The former part of this speech, though founded on a superstitious opinion, we must be pleased with; the latter is beautifully poetical.

† The character of *Hamlet* should be a good, if not a striking figure; with very flexible, spirited, marking features; a sonorous voice, capable of rapid climaxes, and solemn gradations; if not so soft as the upper notes of expression, nor so deep as the lower ones, if otherwise sufficient in articulation and compass, it may do the part justice.

‡ Four and twenty lines of this speech, with a brace of useless ambassadors, are omitted, commendably.

From

From whence, tho' willingly I came to *Denmark*,
To shew my duty in your coronation ;
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again tow'rds *France* ;
And bow them to your gracious leave and favour.

King. Have you your father's leave? what says
Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, by laboursome petition,
Wrung from me my slow leave ; and at the last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent :
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes* ; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.

But now, my cousin *Hamlet*, and my son—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it, that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord ; I am too much i' th' sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark* ;
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust ;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. 'Tis but so,

Why see'st thou so particular with thee?

Hamlet. Madam ! Nay, it is ; I know not *seems*.
'Tis not alone this mourning suit, good mother,
Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed *seem*,
For they are actions that a man might play ;
But I have that within, which passeth shew ;
These but the trappings, and the suits of woe *.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,

Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :

* This reply is sensibly pathetic, and insinuates with strict truth, that the *seeming* is but a shadowy semblance of sorrow ; substantial grief dwells in the heart.

But you must know, your father lost a father,
 That father his, and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation, for some term,
 To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
 In obstinate condolment, does express
 An impious stubbornness.
 We pray you throw to earth
 This unavailing woe, and think of us,
 As of a father; and let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son *.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, *Hamlet*;
 I pray thee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
 Be as ourself in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*,
 Sits smiling at my heart; in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks, to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell it. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Hamlet †.

Ham. O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-murder!
 How weary, stale, and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it meerly. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead? nay, not so much! not two—
 So excellent a king,
 So loving to my mother,

* Here again, as written, the King was unpardonably prolix.

† This soliloquy is admirably adapted to the situation of *Hamlet's* mind; which is oppressed with grief, not only for the loss of a father, but by the sudden and strange second marriage of his mother.

That

That he permitted not the winds of heav'n,
 Visit her face too roughly!
 Why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; yet, within a month!—
 Let me not think—frailty, thy name is woman!
 A little month!—or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like *Niobe*, all tears—she—
 Married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to *Hercules*.
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.*

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I'm glad to see you well:

Horatio, or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name
 with you:

And what makes you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

Marcellus!—

Mar. My good lord!—

Ham. I'm very glad to see you; good morning, sir.
 But what, in faith, makes you from *Wittenberg*?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
 Nor shall you do my ear that violence,

To be a witness of your own report,
 Against yourself. I know you are no truant;
 But what is your affair in *Elsinore*?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pr'ythee do not mock me, fellow student;
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

* This scene unfolds the circumstance of the Ghost to *Hamlet*;
 happily, and his interrogative curiosity is highly in nature.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my direst foe in heav'n,
Ere I had seen that day, *Horatio*!
My father—methinks I see my father*.

Hor. Where, my Lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him, yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. The King your father!

Ham. The King my father!

Hor. Defer your admiration, for a while,
With an attentive ear; till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This wonder to you.

Ham. Pray let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *cap à pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
Within their rapier's length; whilst they (distill'd
Almost to jelly with their fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes †.

Ham.

* This is a most natural and feeling introduction to the uncommon circumstance *Horatio* and *Marcellus* have to relate; it saves them the trouble of an abrupt or painful mention of so delicate and interesting a point.

† As we find by the beginning of this scene, that *Horatio* has not paid his respects to the prince before, 'tis odd he should not
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Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did.

But answer made it none; yet once methought

It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak:

But even then the morning cock crew loud;

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away:

And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange!

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true:

And we did think it then our duty

To let you know it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me:

Hold you the watch, to-night?

Both. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. From head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A count'nance more in sorrow, than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there!

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like: staid it long?

Hor. While one with mod'rate haste might tell a hundred.

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

have done it; and equally odd, that a Ghost should be seen three nights together by the guards, without public mention being made; it shows, the *Danish* soldiers more capable of secrecy, than ours would be.

Ham.

Ham. His beard was grilly ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life.

A fable silver'd *.

Ham. I'll watch to-night ; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be treble in your silence still :
And whatsoever else may hap, to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves. So fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

[*Exeunt.*]

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you : farewell ;
My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play ; would the night were come !
'Till then sit still, my soul : foul deeds will rise,
Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes. [*Ex.*]

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd ; farewell.
And, sister, as the wind permits, pray
Let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth and prime of nature,
Forward, not permanent ; tho' sweet, not lasting ;
'The perfume of a minute.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :
He may not, as inferior persons do,

* There is an unspeakable degree of easy significant dialogue, in these short-well-put interrogations, and the replies.

Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
 The sanity and health of this whole state.
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too cred'ulous ear you hear his passion.
 Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear sister:
 * The charest maid is prodigal enough;
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon †.

Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep
 About my heart: but, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
 Whilst like a careless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

I stay too long; but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Yet here? *Laertes!* get aboard, for shame,
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are staid for. ‡

Laer.

* *The charest*—is the coyest—the most cautious.

† This advice from *Laertes* to his sister, is a prudent caution;
 the fair fruit of good sense and fraternal affection.

‡ The following lines, usually omitted, should certainly be retained:

—*There;*

*My blessing with you,
 And these few precepts in thy memory,
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel:
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unsledg'd comrade—beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
 Bear 't that th' opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear; but few thy voice.
 Take each man's censure; but reserve thy judgement.
 Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy—rich, but not gaudy.*

Neither

Laer. Most humbly I do take my leave, my Lord.
Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel *.

[*Ex. Laer.*

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he has said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord
Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giv'n private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pugh! you speak like a green girl,
Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for your pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or you'll tender me a fool.

*Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any one.*

There is a compact richness of instruction set forth in these lines,
which well deserves attention in public, and perusal in private.

* *Laertes* may be supported by the same requisites as *Horatio*,
but more animated; *Polonius*, in performance, should maintain a
quaint, self-important shrewdness of expression, but studiously avoid
all low comedy tricks; delicacy of appearance, and harmonious
utterance, will do justice to *Ophelia*.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion, you may call it: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n countenance to his speech, my
lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. This is for all:

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord *Hamlet*:
Look to't, I charge you; come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold *.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour, now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not: then it draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Trumpets a tune.*]

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake, to-night, and takes his
rouse,

And as he takes his draught of rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus proclaim
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry is't:

But to my mind, tho' I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

* This scene begins so distant from its main subject, that our minds are diverted from the Ghost, till he returns with double force of impression, and awful sensations.

Enter

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes !

Ham. * Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd ;
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell ;
Be thy intent wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane* : Oh ! answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell
Why thy bones, hears'd in canonized earth,
Have burst their cearments ? Why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ? What may this mean ?
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisitest thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and us fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

[Ghost beckons Ham.]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground ;
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

[Holding Hamlet.]

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
I value not my life ;

* There is a striking solemnity in this address to the Ghost ; it begins with a natural degree of intimidation, proceeds in a beautiful climax of imagery, and warms into a just manly confidence of interrogation ; the Author has been so correct, as not to introduce an idea or expression, but what such a personage might be supposed on this occasion to form.

And

And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord?
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
And there assume some other horrid form,
And draw you into madness?

Ham. It waves me still:

Go on, I'll follow thee—

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord:

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty art'ry in this body,
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd? unhand me, gentlemen—

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me—
I say, away—Go on—I'll follow thee.

[*Ex. Ghost and Hamlet; Hor. and Mar. retiring
on the opposite side.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no
further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day, confin'd to fast in fires*,

* It is justly remarked by *Warburton*, that *Shakespeare* has adverted to the Roman Catholic purgatory, though the *Danes* were at that period Pagans; however, we believe, without reference to an intermediate state, he could not have a shadow of excuse for bringing in a ghost.

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood: list, list, o list!
 If thou did'st ever thy dear father love—*

Ham. O Heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnat'ral murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
 As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
 May fly to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt.—Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
 'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my garden,
 A serpent stung me: so the whole ear of *Denmark*
 Is by a forged process of my death,
 Rankly abus'd; for know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
 Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 Won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
 O, *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose nat'ral gifts were poor,
 To those of mine—

* This speech may be styled a most melting, heart-rending,
 sense-alarming address.

But soft, methinks I scent the morning air—
 Brief let me be: Sleeping within my garden,
 My custom always in the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebonon in a phial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment, whose effects
 Hold such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quicksilver it courses thro'
 The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
 So did it mine.

Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once bereft;
 Cut off ev'n in the blossom of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd;
 No reck'ning made, but sent to my account,
 With all my imperfections on my head.

* *Ham.* O horrible! horrible! most horrible!

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
 A couch for luxury, and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul design
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To goad and sting her. Fare thee well, at once!
 The glow-worm shews the morning to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire †.
 Farewel; remember me.

[*Exit.*

Ham. O hold, my heart —
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old:
 But bear me strongly up. Remember thee!
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat,
 In this distracted globe; remember thee—

* This line in representation is very judiciously given to *Hamlet*, as the remark more fitly comes from him; and it pleasingly divides the Ghost's speech, which in the original is very tedious.

† The idea of the glow-worm is very poetical; and the warning not to bear resentment, inculcates a regard for the living, after nature's debt is paid.

Yea,

Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All register of books, all forms and pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n:
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
 My tables—meet it is I should set down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I'm sure he may be so in *Denmark*. [*Writing*.]
 So, uncle, there you are; now to my word:
 It is, *farewel, remember me*.

I have sworn it.

Hor. within. My Lord, my Lord!

Mar. within. Lord Hamlet!

Hor. within. Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it.

Hor. within. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy, come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How it's, my noble Lord?

Hor. What news, my Lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
 think it?—

But you'll be secret?

Both. As death, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
 But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my Lord, come from the
 grave,
 To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you're in the right;
 And so without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part ;
 You as your business and desires shall point ;
 (For every man has business and desire,
 Such as it is)—and for my poor part,
 I will go pray *.

Hor. These are but wild and windy words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by *St. Patrick*, but there is, *Horatio*.

And much offence, too. Touching this vision, here—
 It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :
 For your desire to know what is between us.
 O'er-master't as you may : and now, good friends,
 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
 Grant me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my Lord ?

Ham. Never make known what you have seen, to-night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Hor. Propose the oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this you have seen—
 Swear by my sword.

Ghost, below. Swear.

Hor. O day and night ! but this is wond'rous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
 There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*.
 Than are dreamt of in our philosophy. But come,
 Here, as before, Never, so help you mercy,
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
 (As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,
 To put an antic disposition on)
 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall

* *Hamlet's* dalliance with the natural, yet improper, curiosity of his friends, is well imagined : it varies action, and turns the main subject.

With arms encumbred thus, or head thus shak'd,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As—well—we know—or, we could, an if we would—
 Or such ambiguous giving out, denore
 T'hat you know aught of me. This do ye swear,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you;
 And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is,
 May do t'express his love and friendship to you,
 Shall never fail: Let us go in together;
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint: oh curled spite,
 That ever I was born to set it right! [*Exeunt.* *]

* This Act, though exceedingly well supported by character, incident, and writing, is, after great reduction, too long; Mr. *Garrick*, in a late alteration of this play, has judiciously shortened it. The Ghost is certainly too much in view.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter Ophelia, meeting Polonius.

Pol. **H**OW now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Opb. O, my Lord, my Lord! I have been so
 a frighted—

Pol. With what?

Opb. My Lord, as I was reading in my closet,
 Prince *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other—
 Thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love!

VOL. III.

Q

Opb.

Opb. My Lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Opb. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard:
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it: that done, he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went, without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me*.

Pol. This is the very extacy of love—
Have you given him any hard words, of late?

Opb. No, my good Lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad:—
Come, go with me to the King,
This must be known.
Come, come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.

King. Welcome, good *Rosencraus*, and *Guildenstern*.
Besides that we did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlet's* transformations; what it should be,
More than his father's death,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court,

* This is an exceeding pretty and significant account of *Hamlet's* behaviour.

Some

Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men are not living
To whom he more adheres: if it will please you,
So to employ your time with us a-while,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks,
As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might, by the sov'reign power you have o'er us,
Put your dread pleasure, more into command,
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Rosencraus* and gentle *Guildenstern*.

Queen. I do beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Now I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure,
As it had us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, as brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: your noble son is mad,
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,

Q 2

What

What is't but to be nothing esse but mad?
But let that go *.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true; a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective comes by cause;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Consider,
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine,
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath giv'n me this: Now gather and surmise. [*Reads.*
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
Ophelia: That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is
a vile phrase; but you shall hear—Thus in her excellent
white bosom, these, &c.

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a-while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou the stars are fire,

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love.

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not
art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most
best, believe it: Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear lady,
while this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me,
And more concerning his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place.

King. But how hath she received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so; but what might you,

* By this scene, one might suppose *Polonius* intended for the
ludicrous; that he is whimsy, all through, we admit, but never
should descend vulgarly low—to face-making, &c.

Or

Or my dear Majesty your Queen, here, think,
 If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,
 No, I went round to work,
 And my young mistress thus I charg'd:
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince above thy sphere,
 This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
 And he, repelled, a short tale to make,
 Fell to a sadness, then into a weakness,
 Thence to a lightness, and by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein he now raves,
 And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know
 that)

That I have positively said that, 'tis so,
 When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise;
 [*Pointing to his head and body.*]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, tho' it were hid indeed,
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it farther?

Pol. Sometimes he walks, for hours together,
 Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.
 So please your Majesty to hide yourself
 Behind the arras, then
 Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading.*

Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both, away.

[Exeunt King and Queen.]

I'll board him, presently.

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent well.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were as honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, sir, to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion—have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' th' sun? Conception is a blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. Still harping on my daughter! yet he knew *[Aside]* me not, at first, but said, I was a fishmonger; he is far gone; and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity, for love; very near this. I'll speak to him, again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber, and plumb-tree-gum, and that they have a most plentiful lack of

* The idea of an assumed madness in *Hamlet*, is vastly well conceived, as it occasions a fine variation of character and action: there is a scene of an embassy previous to this, in the original, which we think properly omitted.

wit, together with most weak hains; all which, fir, tho' I most potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, fir, shall grow old, as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward*.

Pol. Tho' this be madness, yet there's method in't: Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Marry, that's out of the air, indeed: how pregnant his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on. My Lord, I will take my leave.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I would more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. You go to seek Lord Hamlet, there he is. [*Ex.*

Ros. Save you, fir.

Guild. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends! how dost thou, *Guildenstern*? ah, *Rosencraus*! good lads, how do you both? well, what news?

Ros. None, my Lord, but the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near; sure your news is not true? But, in the beaten way of friendship, what makes you at *Elfinoor*?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks: but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? come, come, deal justly with me; nay, speak.

Guild. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; there is a kind of confession in your looks, which

* *Hamlet* plays upon *Polonius* with great spirit, and much pleasant satirical perspicuity, in this scene; it requires trenzied care of deportment and looks, to support it.

your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. Nay, that you must teach me: but let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowships, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather: I have, of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man *! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me—nor woman neither; though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, Man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we met with them on the way, and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

* We do not recollect to have met, in any author, a more concise or elegant panegyric on human nature, than this speech contains: some part of this scene is properly curtailed.

Ham.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; and the lady shall speak her mind freely, or the blank verse shall ha't for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? Their residence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways. Do they hold the same estimation they did, when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him, while my father lived, now give twenty, forty, fifty, nay a hundred ducats apiece, for his picture in little: there is something in this, more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

Guil. Shall we call the players, my Lord?

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elfsmoor*: your hands; th' appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a heronshaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildestern* and *Rosencrans*, that great baby that you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Haply he is the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I prophecy that he comes to tell me of the players; mark it: you say right, sir, a *Monday* morning, 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you; when *Rescius* was an actor in *Rome*—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine honour—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral; 'Scene undividable, or poem unlimited:' *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light. For the law of wit and liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jephtha*, judge of *Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why, one fair daughter, and no more; the which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter! [*Aside.*]

Ham. Am not I i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. Nay, what follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot, God wot, 'and then you know, it came to pass, as most like it was:' the first row of the rubrick will shew you more; for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter Players.*

You are welcome, masters. O my old friend! why thy face is valanced †, since I saw thee last; com'it thou to beard me, in *Denmark*? What, my young lady and mistress! marry, your ladyship is grown nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopin ‡: I wish your voice, like a piece of uncurrent

* The introduction of players, and a mock play, realizes the main action, admirably.

† *Valanced*—appears to mean, fringed with a beard.

‡ *Chopin*—in *French*, a pint; in *Scotch*, a quart: so that the prince says she is taller by so much.

gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome, we'll e'en to't like friendly falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech strait; come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

Play. What speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the multitude. One speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Aeneas's* tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see—

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like the *Hyrcanian* beast—
Beast! no, that's not it, yet it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose fable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
Old Grandfire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. My lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

Ham. So proceed you.

Play. * Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at *Greeks*. His antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword,
The unnerv'd father falls.

But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heav'ns, the rack stand still,
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: so, after *Pyrrhus's* pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work:
And never did the *Cyclops's* hammers fall
On *Mars's* armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than *Pyrrhus's* bleeding sword

* There is great force in this description; and, though the play exhibited by these itinerants, is certainly a mock tragedy, we cannot think the above speech any way burlesque, though bad speakers often make it such, by vile utterance.

Now

Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on; he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on, and come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, alas, had seen the mobled queen—

Ham. The mobled queen!

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare foot, up and down, threatening the flames;

A clout upon that head,

Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,

A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:

Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,

'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd?

Pol. Look whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Prithee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this, soon. Good my Lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear? let them be well used, for they are the abitract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death, you were better to have a bad epitaph, than their ill report, while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Much better; use every man, sir, according to * his desert, and who shall escape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends; we'll have a play, to-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend? My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you're welcome to *Elfinoor*.

Ros. Farewel, my lord.

[*Exit Ros. and Guild.*]

Ham. Can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

[*To Player.*]

* A more benevolent expressive sentiment never dropped from the pen or mouth of any man, than this speech turns upon.

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll have it, to-morrow night; you could for need study a speech of some dozen lines, which I would set down, and insert—could you not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well; follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

O what a wretch and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all the visage warm'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing—
For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the ground for passion,
That I have? he would drown the stage with tears,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ign'rant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears:
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall,
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal.

"* Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

"Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,

"That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,

"Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

"Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,

"And fall a cursing, like a very drab, a scullion; sic
"upon't! foh!

"About my brain! Hum!" I have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene,

* The lines marked " are sometimes, and should always be, left out, as the speech is full long enough without them.

Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
 For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ*. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before my uncle. I'll observe his looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he look pale,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
 May be a devil, and the devil may have power
 T'assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses me, to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative than this; the play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. [*Exit.* †]

* The idea that conscience always haunts the guilty, especially those concerned in murder, is most certainly just, and properly introduced here.

† The second Act is by no means so striking or solemn, as the first, yet has spirit to please, and beauties to charm.

A C T III. SCENE I.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guildenstern, Gentlemen, and Guards.

King. **A**ND can you by no drift of conference,
 Get from him why he puts on this confusion?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
 But from what cause, he will by no means speak.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most civilly.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Unapt to question; but of our demands
 Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you invite him to any pastime?

Ros.

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'ertook on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy,
To hear of it; they're about the court,
And (as I think) they have already orders,
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd:
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And urge him to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guildenstern*]

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us, too;
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may meet
Ophelia here: her father and myself
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing and unseen,
We may of their encounter judge.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet's* wildness: so I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here, whilst we
(If so your Majesty shall please) retire conceal'd.

Oph. I hear him coming: retire, my Lord.
[*Exeunt King and Pol.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. * To be, or not to be? that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer

The

* There never was so much philosophical reasoning expressed
so nervously, in so narrow a compass, by any author, as in this ex-
cellent, we may say unparalleled, soliloquy, which gives a good

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep—
 No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand nat'ral shocks
 That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;—
 To sleep? perchance, to dream: ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause:—There's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 'Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns,
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his *quietus* make,
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life?
 But that the dread of something after death,
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 * No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the healthful face of resolution,
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now.
 The fair *Ophelia*! nymph, in thy orisons,
 Be all my sins remember'd.

orator great latitude for the exertion of his abilities—the thought of death being a desirable consummation; the doubts arising from that transition; the picture of life, which our uncertainty forces us to bear, are admirably conceived and expressed.

* It should seem as if *Hamlet* had surprisingly forgot the Ghost; for if no traveller returns, how came that supernatural visitant in view? To save contradiction, we must admit the author means in a corporeal sense.

Oph.

Oph. Good my Lord, how do you?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have long'd to re-deliver;
Pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I; I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, you know, right well, you
did,

And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Oph. My Lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That, if you be honest and fair, you should admit
no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce,
than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what it is, to a bawd, than the
force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness:
this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives
proof. I did love you, once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me; for virtue
cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of
it: I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why should'st thou be a
breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but
yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better
my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful,
ambitious; with more offences at my back,
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to
give them shape, or time to act them in: what should
such fellows, as I, do crawling between earth and heaven?

R 3

ven? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us; go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him,
That he may play the fool no where but in's own house;
Farewel.

Oph. O help him, you sweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague
for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as
snow, thou shalt not 'scape calumny. Get thee to a
nunnery. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool,
for wise men know well enough what monsters you
make of them; to a nunnery, go.

Oph. Heav'nly powers restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings, well enough:
nature hath given you one face, and you make your-
selves another; you jig, and you amble, and you lisp, you
nickname heav'n's creatures, and make your wanton-
ness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on't, it hath
made me mad: I say, we will have no more mar-
riages; those that are married already, all but one,
shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nun-
nery, go, go, go. [Exit *.]

Oph. O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The expectation and rose of the fair state,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down,
And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
Now see that noble and most sov'reign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh.
O woe is me!
T'have seen what I have seen, seeing what I see! [Exit.]

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
For what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness.

* This scene is admirably supported for *Hamlet* by the author, and contains many excellent strokes of sportive, lively, well-adopted satire, pleasingly couched.

He

He shall with speed to *England*,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute.
 What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well:

But, if you hold it fit, after the play
 Let his Queen-mother all alone entreat him,
 To shew his grief; let her be round with him:
 And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the ear
 Of all their conference: if she find him not,
 To *England* send him, or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so;

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hamlet, and three Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd
 it to you, trippingly from the tongue: but if you mouth
 it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-
 crier spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too
 much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for
 in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirl-
 wind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temper-
 ance that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me
 to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow
 tear a passion to very rags, to split the ears of the
 groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of
 nothing but inexplicable dumb shews and noise: I
 would have such a fellow whipp'd, for o'er-doing *Ter-*
magant; it out-herods *Herod*. Pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame, neither; but let your own dis-
 cretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word,
 the word to the action; with this special observance,
 that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for any
 thing so o'erdone, is from the purpose of playing, whose
 end, both at first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere,
 the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature,
 scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the
 time, his form and pressure. O, there be players, that
 I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that high-
 ly,

ly, not to speak it prophanely, that, neither having the action of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently, with us?

Ham. O reform it, altogether: and let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready *.

What, ho! *Horatio*?

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, my Lord, at your service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as just a man, As e'er my conversation met withal.

Hor. O my dear Lord!

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee?

That hast no revenue, but thy good spirits,

To feed and cloath thee †.

Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

* If all the theatrical performers would adhere strictly to the rules here laid down, they would come nearer nature than they do, or perhaps ever have done; indeed some *Hamlets* deliver them, and the whole part, in such a manner, as to violate the intention almost through every sentence, which rather turns the instruction to ridicule, by telling what ought to be, and shewing us what ought not.

† It is cruel to leave out what follows:

— *Should the poor be flatter'd?*

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

Where thrift may follow fawning —

And

And could of men distinguish, her election
 Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been,
 As one, in suffering all, hast suffer'd nothing;
 Give me the man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him,
 In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of hearts,
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.
 There is a play, to-night, before the King;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee, of my father's death:
 I prithee, when thou seest that act on foot,
 Ev'n with the very comment of thy soul,
 Observe my uncle: if then his occult guilt
 Do not itself discover in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen*.
 Give him heedful note;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
 And after we will both our judgments join,
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. I will, my Lord.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, and Gentlemen.

Ham. They are coming to the play, I must be idle:
 Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. † Excellent, 'faith,
 Of the camelion's dish. I eat the air;
 Promise-cramm'd. You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, *Hamlet*;
 These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor now mine, my Lord—
 You play'd once in the university, you say. [To Pol.]

* It is a very probable method of discovering hidden guilt, to bring its counterpart to view; but by no means infallible, for a man over-modest may change countenance at what does not concern him, and a villain justly accused may preserve rigid features.

† The levity and vague behaviour of *Hamlet*, in this Scene, which should be supported by a great flow of forced spirits, is excellently designed to cover his deep intention of criminating the King.

Pol.

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a very good actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*. I was kill'd i' th' Capitol. *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part in him, to kill so capital a calf, there.

Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my Lord, they wait upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Your only jig-maker! what should a man do but be merry? for look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten, yet! then there's hope a great man's memory may out-live his life, half a year; but he must build churches then.

Oph. What means the play, my Lord?

Ham. It is miching *Mallico*; it means mischief.

Oph. But what's the argument?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow:
The players cannot keep secret; they'll shew all.

Oph. Are they so good at shew, my Lord?

Ham. Aye, at any shew, that you will shew them: be not you ashamed to shew, and they will not blush to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy.

Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this the prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph.

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

*Enter Player King and Queen *.*

Pl. King. Full thirty times has *Phæbus*' car gone round,

Since Love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite, in folding them in sacred bands.

Pl. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, 'ere love be done.

But woe is me, you are so sick, of late,
And so far diff'rent from your former state,
That I distrust; yet, tho' I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.

Now what my love is, proofs have made you know;

And as my love is great, my fear is so;

Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear;

Where little fear grows great, great love grows there.

Pl. King. I must leave thee, love, and shortly, too;

My working powers their functions leave to do;

But thou shalt live in this fair world behind,

Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind,

For husband shalt thou—

Pl. Queen. O, confound the rest!

Such love must needs be treason in my breast;

In second husband let me be accurst!

None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood!

Pl. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;

But what we do determine, oft we break;

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose:

Think still thou wilt no second husband wed;

But thy thoughts die, when thy first lord is dead †.

Pl. Queen. Nor earth, oh! give me food, nor heaven
light,

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!

* This scene of the mock play is properly much shortened.

† It is very odd *Shakespeare* should have so often jumbled rhyme, blank verse, and prose, together in one piece.

Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I widow be, and then a wife!

Ham. If she should break it, now—

Pl. King. 'Tis deeply sworn: sweet, leave me here
a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

[*Sleeps.*]

Pl. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,

And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*]

Ham. Madam, how like you the play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? is there no
offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest—no
offence.

King. What do they call the play?

Ham. The Mouse trap: marry, how? tropically.
This play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna*.
Gonzago is the King's name, his wife *Baptista*; you
shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what
of that? your Majesty and we have free souls, it
touches us not: let the galled jade winch, our withers
are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love,
If I could see the puppets dallying.—Come, begin,
murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin.
The croaking raven doth bellow forth revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
agreeing,

Confed'rate season, and no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecate's* bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected;
Thy nat'ral magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into his ears.*]

Ham.

Ham. He poisons him i'th' garden, for his estate; his name's *Gonzago*; the story is extant, and written in very choice *Italian*: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of *Gonzago's* wife.

King. Give me some lights: away!

Pol. Give over the play. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Ham. and Hor.*]

Ham. Why let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungall'd go play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away*.

O good *Horatio*, I'd take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Did't perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Come, some music: the recorders. [*Exit Hor.*]

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The King—sir.

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom would shew itself richer to signify this to the doctor; for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my business.

Ham. I am tame, sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. Sir, you are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whole-

* We think *Hamlet's* expression, upon the full conviction of his uncle, much too light and inadequate.

some answer, I will do your mother's command; if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of the business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Ros. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother.

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour of late hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can thus astonish a mother! But is there no sequel, at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak to you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do so still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is the cause of your distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, for your succession in *Denmark*?

Enter Horatio, with Recorders.

Ham. Ay, sir, but while the grass grows—the proverb is something musty.—Oh, the recorders; why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh, my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages, with your fingers and thumb; give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music; look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command, to any utterance of harmony. I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you, now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note, to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I'm easier to be play'd on, than a pipe? call me what instrument you will, tho' you can fret me, you cannot play upon me*.

-Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. 'Tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks 'tis like a weazel.

Pol. It is black like a weazel.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale†.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother, by and by— they fool me to the top of my bent. I will come, by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world; now could I drink hot blood,
And do such deeds, as day itself
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother!

* This is a masterly turn of satire on court spies, and a fine rebuff to the mean ready agents of power.

† *Polonius* is here played off, in a pleasant characteristic manner.

O heart, lose not thy nature! let not ever
The soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom!
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none. *[Exit.]*

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
For we will fetters put about this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will make haste. *[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.]*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Sir, he is going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home,
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
Their speech. Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I hear. *[Exit.]*

King. Thanks, dear my Lord *.
Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n;
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder. Pray I cannot,
'Tho' inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns,
To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?

* This soliloquy of the King exhibits, in a fine flow of poetical expression and just reasoning, the agitation of a guilty soul, wishing, but afraid, to look towards heaven; the strugglings of imperfect contrition, and the laborious, thorny state of a mind, so situated, and thus feelingly pictured, must make every sensible heart shrink.

Then

Then I'll look up:
 My fault is past. But oh! what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder!
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the laws; but 'tis not so above:
 There is no shuffling; there the action lies
 In its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What, then! what reits?
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and hearts with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new born babe.
 All may be well*.

[Exit.]

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come strait, look you lay home to him;
 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
 And that your Grace hath stood between
 Much heat and him. I'll here conceal myself;
 Pray you be round with him.

Queen. Withdraw, I hear him coming.[*Pol. exit behind the arras.*]*Enter Hamlet.**Ham.* Now, mother, what's the matter?*Queen.* *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.

* A long speech of *Hamlet's* is here commendably thrown aside,
 first, as being unnecessary, and next, as tending to vitiate and de-
 grade his character, much.

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Queen.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked one.

Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot, me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so;

You are the *Queen*, your husband's brother's wife;
And, would it were not so! you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass,
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder
me? Help, ho!

Pol. What ho, help!

[*Behind the arras.*

Ham. How now, a rat! dead for a ducat, dead.

[*Kills Pol.*

Pol. O! I am slain*.

Queen. What hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?

Queen. O what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

'Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell: [*To Pol.*

I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune:

'Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands: peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dost wag thy
tongue,

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

* In the catastrophe of *Polonius*, we think the author sports with
death, and sheds blood unnecessarily.

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there: makes marriage-vows,
 As false as dicers' oaths; oh such a deed!
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul, and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words.
 Ah me! that act!

Queen. Ah me! what act?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
 The counterfeited presentment of two brothers;
 See what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of *Jove* himself;
 An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command;
 A station like the herald *Mercury*,
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where every God did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man:
 This was your husband—Look now what follows.
 Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love; for at your age
 The heyday of the blood is tame, 'tis humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
 Would step, from this, to this?
 O shame, where is thy blush?
 Rebellious hell,
 If thou can'st mutiny in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire*.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, speak no more!
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed—

* His reasoning and remonstrances, in this scene, are truly pathetic and persuasive.

Queen.

Queen. No more, sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain!

A slave, that's not the twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord: a vice of Kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost *.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious
figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command? O say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you, madam?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep.
Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—look you how pale he
glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Don't look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour, tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

* For stage action, the Ghost is most happily introduced here; its appearance enlivens the plot, vastly, and relieves the scene, very much.

Ham.

Ham. Do you see nothing, there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that's here, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why look you there; look, how it stalks away!
My father in his habit as he liv'd;
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain.

Ham. My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And make as healthful music: 'tis not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Cannot do. Mother, for the love of grace,
Lay not this flatt'ring unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks;
Confess yourself to heav'n, repent what's past,
Avoid what is to come.

Queen. O *Hamlet*! thou hast cleft my heart.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night, but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Once more, good-night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same Lord,

[*Pointing to Pol.*]

I do repent; but heav'n hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him; so again, good-night!
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind*.

[*Exit Ham. dragging out Pol. †*]

* There are about thirty lines lopped off the end of this scene, very justifiably.

† The third Act is supported greatly by spirit, business, sentiment, and dialogue; if *Hamlet* is equal to it, the conclusive scene must send him off with remarkable eclat.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *A Royal Apartment.**Enter King and Queen.*

King. **T**HERE's matter in these sighs,
You must expound them:
How does *Hamlet*?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, A rat!
And in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd.

King. *Gertrude*, come away;
The fun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both count'nance and excuse—Ho, *Guildestern*!

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some farther aid;
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his mother's closet he hath dragg'd him:
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel; I pray you haste in this.
Come, *Gertrude*.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. Safely stow'd. [*Within.*] *Hamlet*! *Lord Hamlet*!

Ham. What noise? Who calls *Hamlet*?

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead
body?

Ham. Compounded it with the dust, whereto it is akin.
Ros.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not my
own; besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what repli-
cation should be made by the son of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the King's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities: but such officers do the
King best service in the end; he keeps them like an ap-
ple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd, to be last
swallow'd; when he needs what you have glean'd, it is
* but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a
foolish ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is,
and go with us to the King.

Ham. Bring me to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King and Gentlemen.

King. How dang'rous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must we not put the strong law upon him;
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Delib'rate pause: diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. How now? What hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

* The sculking sycophants of royalty are here touched off with
strict truth, and uncommon keenness.

King.

King. But where is he ?

Rof. Without, my Lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rof. Hoa, bring in the Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Hamlet and Guards.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius* ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ! where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten ; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

King. Where is *Polonius* ?

Ham. In heaven ; send thither to see : if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' th' other place, yourself : but indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet*, this deed, for thine especial safety, Must send thee hence ; Therefore prepare thyself, The bark is ready, and the wind sits fair, For *England*.

Ham. For *England* ?

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them ; but come, for *England* : Farewel, dear mother !

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother : father and mother are man and wife ; man and wife are one flesh ; and so my mother. Farewel, mother ! Come, for *England* * ! [Exit.]

King. Follow him, Tempt him with speed aboard ;

* *Hamlet* supports his feigned madness exceeding well and divertingly ; but, in his circumstances, consenting so tamely to depart for *England*, seems to show him pusillanimous and impolitic.

Away,

Away, for every thing is seal'd and done,
 And, *England!* if my present love thou hold'st at aught,
 Let it be testify'd in *Hamlet's* death *. [Exit.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
 Indeed distracted, and deserves your pity.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
 strew

Dang'rous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of *Denmark*?

Queen. How now, *Ophelia*! [She sings.

Oph. How should I your true love know from another
 one?

By his cockle bat and staff, and his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you mark:

*He is dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone; [Sings.
 At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.*

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you mark.

*White his shroud as the mountain snow,
 Larded all with sweet flowers,
 Which bewept to the grave did go
 With true love-showers †.*

* The author has here introduced a very unessential scene, unworthy the closet and stage, therefore properly consigned to oblivion; though *Hamlet's* soliloquy, in Mr. *Garrick's* alteration, is preserved not censurably—in the original state of the play, the whole is quite superfluous; besides, the Prince seems to take a violent resolution; yet is no more heard of, till we find he has been shipwrecked.

† The transitions of this young lady's frenzy, are extremely well conceived for representation, and render her a very interesting object: too much extravagance, or a figure too much dishevelled, should be avoided.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas ! look here, my Lord !

King. How do you, pretty lady ?

Oph. Well, God yield you ! they say the owl was a baker's daughter. We know what we are, but we know not what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray let's have no words of this ; but when they ask you what it means, say this :

*To-morrow is St. Valentine's day, [Sings.
All in the morn betime ;
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.*

King. Pretty *Ophelia* !

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.
Then up he arose, and don'd his cloaths, and open'd his chamber-door,

Let in the maid, that out a maid, never departed more.

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Oph. I hope all will be well ; we must be patient ; but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay him i' th' cold ground : my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel—
Come, my coach ; good-night, ladies, good-night ;
Sweet ladies, good-night, good-night *.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you.

This is the poison of deep grief ; it springs
All from her father's death. [*A noise within.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Gen. Save yourself, my Lord.
Young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers ; the rabble call him Lord ;
They cry, Chuse we *Laertes* for our King :

* The author has fancied *Ophelia's* madness well, affectingly, and furnished it with suitable expression ; we like the object, are entertained with her sights, and commiserate the frenzy.

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King! [*A noise within.*]

Laer. [*within.*] Where is the King? Sirs, stand you all without.

Enter Laertes.

O thou vile King! give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
 bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot,
 Ev'n here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
 Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, *Laertes*,
 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
 Let him go, *Gertrude*: do not fear our person;
 There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
 That treason dares not reach at what it would.
 Let him go, *Gertrude*.

Laer. Where's my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
 To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
 To this point I stand,
 That both the worlds I give to negligence,
 Let come what will; only I'll be reveng'd,
 Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
 And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
 They shall go far with little*.

King. Will you, in revenge of your
 Dear father's death, destroy both friend and foe?

Laer. None but his enemies.

* Though *Laertes* has great provocation to rouse him, yet such peremptory violent and abusive behaviour to his sovereign, breaks through the bounds of decorum and allegiance, unpardonably; and we by no means see why the rabble should offer to chuse him King.

King. Will you know them, then ?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Relieve them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment lie,
As day does to your eye.

Hor. [*within.*] O poor *Ophelia* !

Laer. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

O rose of *May* !

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia* !

O heav'ns ! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as a sick man's life ?

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,* [Sings.
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, down-a-down.
And you call him a-down-a. O how the wheel be-
comes it !

It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing is much more, than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary; that's for remembrance;
pray you, love, remember : and there's pansies, that's
for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness ! thoughts and remem-
brance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines ; there's
rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it
herb of grace, o' Sundays : O, you may wear your rue with
a difference. There's a daisy ; I would give you some
violets, but they withered all when my poor father died.
They say he made a good end.

For

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. [Sings.

Lacr. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself!
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, gone to his death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his pole;
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan;
And peace be with his soul, and with all lovers
*souls. ** [Exit.

King. *Laertes, I must share in your grief,*
Or you deny me right: go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct, or by collat'ral hand,
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give
To you in satisfaction: but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us;
And we shall jointly labour with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, or hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from earth to heaven,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you go with me. [Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and Gentleman.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men, sir; they say they have letters
for you.

* Making *Opbelia* sing so frequently, so disjointly, and suiting
the words so strictly to her situation, shew great judgement.

Hor. Let them come in.

I do not know from what part of the world,
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Save you, fir.

2 *Sail.* Here are letters for you, fir; if your name be
Horatio, as we are informed it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

' *Horatio*, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give
' these fellows some means to the King; they have let-
' ters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a
' pirate, of very warlike appointment, gave us chace.
' Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a com-
' pelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on
' the instant they got clear of our ship, and so I alone
' became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like
' thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did. I
' am to do a turn for them. Let the King have the let-
' ters I have sent, and repair thou to me, with as much
' speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to
' speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they
' much too light for the matter. These good fellows
' will bring thee where I am. *Rosencraus* and *Guilden-*
' *stern* hold their course for *England*. Of them I have
' much to tell thee. Farewel. HAMLET.'

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
 seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Since you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he who hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

3

Laer.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceed not against these crimes,
So capital in nature.

King. For two special reasons,
Which may perhaps to you seem weak,
But yet to me they're strong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks.

The other motive,
Why to a public court I might not go,
Is the great love the people bear him,
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces.

Laer. And so I have a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleep for that: you must not
think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime: you shall soon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet*. These to your
Majesty: this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my Lord.

King. *Laertes*, you shall hear them: leave us.

[*Exit Mess.*]

' High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on
' your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see
' your kingly eyes; when I shall (first asking your par-
' don) thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden
' and most strange return.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer.

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet's* character. Naked!
And in a postscript here, he says, alone:
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in't, my Lord; but let him come.
It warms the very sickness of my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so, *Laertes*,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my Lord, so you will not over-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device.
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd,
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the instrument.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* hearing, for a quality,
Wherein they say you shine.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too. Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy*:
He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'Twould be a sight, indeed,
To see *Laertes* match'd. The fencers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his,
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his envy,

That

That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming over to play with him.
Now out of this—

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father.
But to the business:

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake
To shew yourself indeed your father's son,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' church.

King. No place indeed should shield a murderer,
Revenge should have no bounds: but, good *Laertes*,
Keep close within your chamber;

Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home;
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame.

The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads. He, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father's death*.

Laer. I'll do't;

And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword:
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue,
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point

* This treacherous plot upon the life of *Hamlet*, is truly villainous on the part of his Majesty, and pitifully mean in *Laertes*, though he has lost a father; for no revenge can be just, that is not open and manlike; it is a bad feeling of the human heart, in its best shape: what must it be, in the worst?

With

With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
I hav't—when in your motion you are hot,
And make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the purpose; whereon but tasting,
If he by chance escape your venom'd sword,
It shall be death.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a willow growing o'er a brook,
That shews his hoary leaves i' th' glassy stream,
Near which fantastick garlands she did make
Of crow-flow'rs, nettles, daisies, and long purples:
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliker broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook*.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor *Ophebia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick. Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will. Adieu, my Lord!
I have a fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*.

[*Exeunt.* †

* This description of *Ophebia's* end, is exceeding pretty; but we perceive no absolute occasion for destroying the young lady.

† The fourth Act is much more languid, than any other in the piece; *Hamlet* has too little, the *King* and *Laertes* too much, to say; *Ophebia*, as a new, pitiable, yet agreeable object, seems the chief support.

ACT

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter two Grave-diggers.*

1 *Grave.* **I**S she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Grave.* I tell thee she is; therefore make her grave straight; the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Grave.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself, in her own defence?

2 *Grave.* Why 'tis found so.

1 *Grave.* It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lies the point; if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches: it is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal*, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Grave.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delver.

1 *Grave.* Give me leave; here lies the water, good: there stands the man, good: if the man go to the water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nil he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: *argal*, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Grave.* But is this law?

1 *Grave.* Ay marry is't, crowner's quest-law.

2 *Grave.* Will you have the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, she would have been buried without christian burial.

1 *Grave.* Why, there thou said'st; and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in the world,

* These gentry, and their quibbling humour, certainly trespass upon decorum; but the moral reflections occasioned by the grave, &c. make ample amends; and though their dialogue is often stigmatized as mere gallery stuff, yet we think that sensible boxes may be pleased and instructed by it; for which reason it is cause of concern to think Mr. Garrick has too politely frenchified his alteration, by endeavouring to annihilate what, though Mr. Voltaire could not like it, has indubitable merit.

to drown or hang themselves, more than we. Come, my spade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-diggers; they hold up *Adam's* profession.

2 *Grave*. Was he a gentleman?

1 *Grave*. He was the first that ever bore arms.

I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Grave*. Go to.

1 *Grave*. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Grave*. The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Grave*. I like thy wit well; the gallows does well: but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: *argal*, the gallows may do well for thee. To't again, come.

2 *Grave*. Who builds stronger than the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

1 *Grave*. Ay, tell me that, or unyoke.

2 *Grave*. Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Grave*. To't.

2 *Grave*. Mafs, I cannot tell.

1 *Grave*. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not amend his pace with beating; and when thou art asked this question next, say, a grave-digger. The houses he makes last till doomsday.

Go, get thee in, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit 2d Grave*.]

In youth when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet;

To contract, O, the time for, ah, my bebove;

O, methought there was nothing so meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling in his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham.

Ham. 'Tis even so, the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense*.

Grave. *But age with stealing steps
Hath claw'd me in his clutch;
And hath shipp'd me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in't, and could sing, once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere *Cain's* jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician; might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggers with them? Mine ache to think on't.

Grave. *A pick-ax and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrowding sheet!
O, a pit of clay—for to be made,
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities, now? his quillities? his cases? his tenures and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave to knock him about the sconce, with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, firrah?

Grave. Mine, fir—

O, a pit of clay, &c.

[Sings.

Ham. I think it's thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

Grave. You lie out on't, fir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine; 'tis for the dead, and not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

Grave. 'Tis a quick lie, fir; 'twill again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Grave. For no man, fir.

* These two speeches convey a fine idea of that influence custom has on the human mind, making the most awful and disagreeable objects familiar, at last.

Ham. What woman, then?

Grave. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Grave. One that was a woman, fir; but rest, her soul! she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Grave. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day our last king *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Grave. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad, and sent into *England*?

Ham. Ay, marry; why was he sent into *England*?

Grave. Because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Grave. 'Twill not be seen in him there; they are all as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Grave. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Grave. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Grave. Why, here, in *Denmark*; where I have been sexton, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere, he rot?

Grave. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight, or nine years: a tanner now, will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Grave. Why, fir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water, a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body: here's a scull now, hath lain i'th' earth, three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Grave. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Grave.

Grave. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flaggon of rhenish on my head, once: this same skull, sir, was *Yorick's* skull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

Grave. Even that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick*! I knew him well, *Horatio*; a fellow of infinite jests; of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back, a thousand times: here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft. Where be your gibes, now? your jests? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chop-fallen! Now get you to my lady's table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this complexion she must come at last; make her laugh at that.

Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* looked o' this fashion, i'th' earth?

Hor. Even so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah. [Smelling to the skull.

Hor. Even so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses may we return, *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till we find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither, with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall t'expel the winter's flaw*!

* Read this speech, titled *Pomp*, with due attention, and shrink into thy original nothingness.

Scene draws, and discovers the King, Queen, Laertes, and Priest, with a Corse.

But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King,
The Queen, and all the court. Who's this they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The coarse they follow did with desperate hand,
Destroy its own life; 'twere of some estate;
Stand by, a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony, else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What ceremony, else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd,
As we have warrantry; her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'er-sways the order,
She should in ground unanctify'd be lodg'd:
For charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles should be thrown upon her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home,
Of bell and burial*.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more;
We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou ly'st howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophebia*!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

[Throws in a garland of flowers.]

I hop'd thou should'st have been my *Hamlet's* wife;

* The rites are not only maimed, but the funeral itself is a maimed circumstance.

This punishment of suicide, and the idea of consecrated ground, show that *Shakespeare* meant this for a Christian priest, diametrically opposite to the opinion of *Warburton*, which we have mentioned, that the *Danes* were then Pagans.

I thought

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe,

Fall ten times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deeds depriv'd thee of
Thy most ingenious sense! Hold off the earth, a while,
Till I have caught her once more in my arms:

[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. * What is he, whose griefs—
Bear such an emphasis? Whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand,
Like wonder-wounded hearers? It is I,

Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the grave:]

Laer. Perdition catch thee! [Grapples with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee take thy fingers from my throat—
For though I am not plenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear—hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Ham. Why, I'll fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! What theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, *Laertes*.

Ham. Shew me what thou wilt do.

Wilt weep? Wilt fight? Wilt fast? Wilt tear thyself?
Wilt drink up eisel†? Eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come hither, but to whine
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?

* This violent frantic climax of passion, is very indecent, at such a time and place, therefore highly disgraceful to *Hamlet*.

† If, as Mr. *Theobald* thinks, vinegar is meant, the idea is rather poor.

Be bury'd quick with her; and so will I.
 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
 Singing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make *Ossa* like a wart! nay, and thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness;
 And thus a while the fit will work on him:
 Aron, as patient as the female dove,
 When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,
 His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, fir.

What is the reason that you use me thus?
 I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter—
 Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.

[*Exit Hor.*

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.

[*To Laertes.*

We'll put the matter to the present push.
 Good *Gertrude*, set some watch over your son.
 This grave shall have a living monument. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this.

Do you remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my Lord? *

Enter Ofrick. †

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

* There are eighty odd lines of the original, left out here: we think retaining a dozen or fifteen of them, would make the plot more clear. As to the scene, upon the whole, it would be dreadfully tedious, and most unnecessarily circumstantial.

† This fopling, whose character, as well as business, we dislike, may be sufficiently supported by smartness of figure, pertness of delivery, and affectedness of gesticulation; Mr. *Garrick* has reflected him indeed, as *Shakespeare* says he speaks an infinite deal of nothing.

Ham.

Ham. I humbly thank you, fir.
Dost know this waterfly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you, from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, fir, with all diligence of spirit; your bonnet to its right use; 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, it is very cold; the wind is northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion—

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere; I cannot tell how—my Lord, his Majesty bid me signify unto you, that he has laid a great wager, on your head: fir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, fir, remember.

Ofr. Nay, good my Lord, for my ease.—Sir, here is newly come to court *Laertes*; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shew: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the very card or kalendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the substance of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ofr. Of *Laertes*?

Ham. Of him, fir.

Ofr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; for to know a man well, were to know himself.

Ofr. I mean, fir, for his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Single rapier.

The King, fir, hath wager'd with him six *Barbary* horses,

horses, against the which he has impawn'd, as I take it, six *French* rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, and so—three of the carriages are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Ofr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we carry'd cannon by our sides.

Ofr. The king hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid twelve to nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Ofr. I mean, my Lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his Majesty, it is the breathing time of the day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I shall gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver it so?

Ham. To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship. [*Exit.*]

Hor. You will lose, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou would'st not think how ill all's here, about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of bod-ing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their coming hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene

*Scene draws, and discovers King, Queen, Laertes, Gentlemen, and Guards. Re-enter Hamlet and Horatio.**

King. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me. [*Presenting Laertes.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir; I've done you wrong; But pardon't, as you are a gentleman: this presence knows

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With a fore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most gen'rous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfy'd in nature,
Whose motive in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge.

I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it, freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkest night appear.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, on my honour.

King. Give them the foils, young *Osrick*. Cousin
Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Very well, my Lord:
Your Grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both;
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

* We think the last scene of this play very reprehensible; it seems with slaughter, and, though the plot in many places is disgustful to criticism, even with latitude, we have no scruple to pronounce its catastrophe the worst part of it.

Ham.

Ham. This likes me well: these foils have all a length.

Ofr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Give me a bowl of wine.

If *Hamlet* give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:

The King shall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath:

And in the cup an onyx shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In *Denmark's* crown have worn. Give me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpets to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:

Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin;

[*Trumpets the while.*]

And you the judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

[*and shout.*]

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit. [Drums, trumpets,

Laer. Well—again. Flourish, a piece goes off—

King. Stay, give me the drink. *Hamlet*, this pearl is
thine. Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by, a while. [They
Come—another hit—what say you? play.]

Laer. I do confess't.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. The Queen salutes thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good madam—

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen. I have, my Lord; I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup, it is too late. [Aside.]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Laer. I'll hit him, now. And yet it is almost against
my conscience. [Aside.]

Ham. Come, for the third; *Laertes*, you but dally;
I pray you press with your best violence,
I'm sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

[*Play.*

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then in scuffling they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Ofr. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. How is it, my Lord?

Ofr. How is't, *Laertes*?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock caught in mine own springe; I'm justly killed with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons, to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink—O my dear *Hamlet*.

The drink, the drink—I am poison'd. [*She dies.*

Ham. O villainy! ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here. *Hamlet*, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treach'rous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more—the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd, too? Then, venom, do
thy work. [*Stabs the King.*

Here, thou incestuous *Dave*;

Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He's justly serv'd: it is a poison temper'd by
himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
Wretched Queen, farewell!

You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell serjeant Death

Is strict in his arrest) O! I could tell you—
But let it be—*Horatio*, I am dying.
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright,
To the unsatisfy'd.

Hor. Never believe it:
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*,
Here's yet some liquor left.

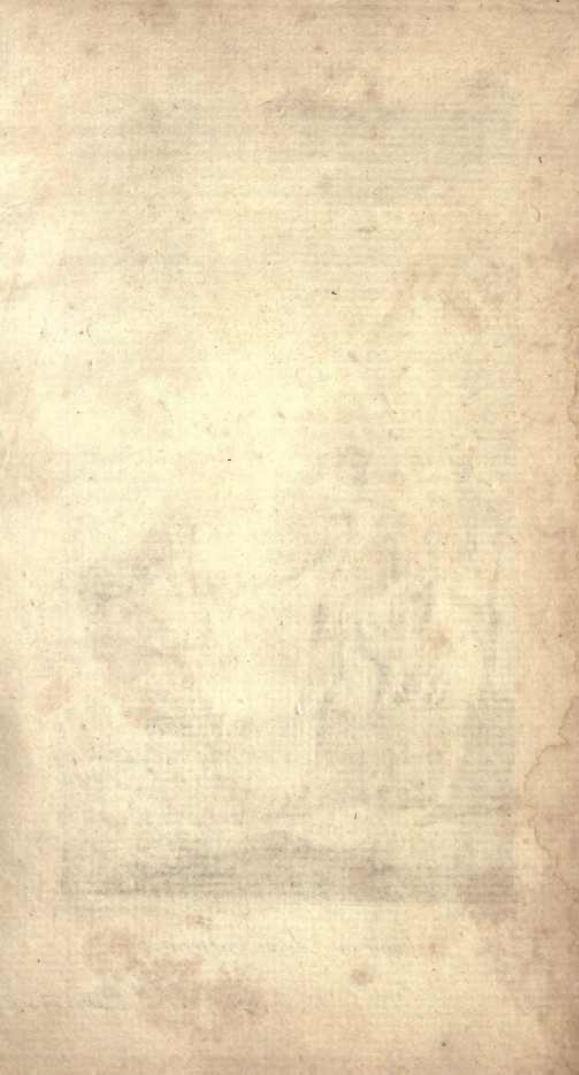
Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup; let go, I'll hav't.
O good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—O! I die, *Horatio*:
The potent poison quite o'ergrows my spirit;
* I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.
But I do prophesy, th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th' occurrents more or less,
Which have solicited. O—the rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. There crack'd the cordage of a noble heart.
Good night, sweet Prince;
And choirs of angels sing thee to thy rest.
Take up the bodies; such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss. [*Exeunt.*†

* As the play is cut, these five lines should, we think, be omitted; for they are unintelligible to all those who remember the original play, and are quite unnecessary here, and foreign to the representation, as it now stands.

† The fifth Act of this play is by no means so good as we could wish; yet it engages attention in public, by having a good deal of bustle, and, what *English* audiences love, many deaths.

The End of HAMLET.



TEMPEST.

Act II.



E. Edwards del.

W. Byrnes sculp.

Come on—down & Swear.

Published according to Act of Parliament March 1, 1773.

THE
T E M P E S T.

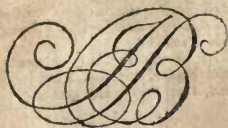
A COMEDY, by SHAKESPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

Regulated from the PROMPT-BOOK,
With PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

AN INTRODUCTION, and NOTES
CRITICAL and ILLUSTRATIVE,

ARE ADDED BY THE
AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand ;
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCLXXIII.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following dramatic romance, for so it should certainly be titled, is an odd, improbable, yet agreeable mixture; though sense attacks it with severe strictures. Some fine sentiments scattered up and down through high-finished characters, Prospero, Miranda, and Caliban; with the occasional aid of music and machinery, render it pleasing. Of Shakespeare's original we may say, it is more nervous and chaste, but not so well supplied with humour or business, as Dryden's; making the sailors get drunk, instead of the landmen, is highly characteristic; as the former must be supposed much less affected by a shipwreck, than the latter; therefore more ready to indulge in excess. At the conclusion of the alteration, there is a masque very well introduced; and upon the whole, we are of opinion, that by properly blending, as in *Lear*, a better piece than either, might be produced.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

Drury-Lane.

ALONSO,	Mr. BRANSEY.
SEBASTIAN,	Mr. KEEN.
PROSPERO,	Mr. PACKER.
ANTHONIO,	Mr. HURST.
FERDINAND,	Mr. VERNON.
GONZALO,	Mr. J. AICKIN.
FRANCISCO,	Mr. GRIFFITH.
CALIBAN,	Mr. ACKMAN.
TRINCULO,	Mr. BADDELEY.
STEPHANO,	Mr. LOVE.
Boatswain,	Mr. WRIGHTEN.

MIRANDA,	Mrs. SMITH.
ARIEL,	Mrs. SCOT.

HYMEN, } Spirits. {	Mr. KEAR.
CERES, } {	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.
Reapers,	

Other Spirits, attending on PROSPERO.

S C E N E, an uninhabited Island.

THE

THE
T E M P E S T*.

A C T I.

SCENE, *On a Ship at Sea.*

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Ship-master, and a Boatswain.

Maſt. **B** *Boatſwain —*

Boatſ. Here, Maſter: what cheer?

Maſt. Good; ſpeak to th' mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourſelves a-ground: beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mariners.

Boatſ. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts: yare, yare, take in the top-fail: tend to th' maſter's whistle; blow, till thou buſt thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, and Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Boatſwain, have care: where's the maſter? Play the men.

Boatſ. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, Boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

* The name, and firſt material incident of this piece, are exceedingly contraſtic to comedy; however, there is a good opportunity afforded, for pleaſing ſcenery and curious mechanifm.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence—what care these Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None, that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace, o'the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin, for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I say. [Exit.]

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. A plague upon this howling!—*

A cry within. Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatsf. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreson, insolent, noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drowned, than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boatsf. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

* This scene, we think, very ill written; in *Dryden's* alteration, which seems to us a better acting play than that before us, it is mended; but the sea terms, in both, to be characteristic, want much to be modernized.

Enter

THE TEMPEST.

7

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to a Part of the Inhabited Island,
near the Cell of Prospero.

* *Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

Mira. If by your art (my dearest father) you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd,
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her)
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any God of Pow'r, I should
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraighting souls within her †.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better ‡,

* Being professed foes to all sentiments and characters which inculcate ideas of enchantment, conjuration, or supernatural appearances, we necessarily declare ourselves against the very foundation of this play; however, as what *Prospero* utters, in point of sentiment, is, all through, both nervous and sensible, he requires a performer of oratorical ability to support him: venerable appearance is likewise requisite. *Miranda* should describe an elegant simplicity.

† There is something enchantingly humane in the ideas of this speech.

‡ *More better*—is a very strange degree of comparison.

Than.

Than *Prospero*, master of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me; so!

[*Lays down his mantle.*]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
'The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The real virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art,
So safely order'd, that there is no soul lost,
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: attend;
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but slopt,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time, before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance*.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance,
'That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women, once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what seest thou else,

* There is a pleasing natural ease in the manner of *Prospero's* sitting his daughter's recollection; it leads on the scene agreeably.

THE TEMPEST.

In the dark back-ward and abyſme of time?
If thou remember'ſt aught, ere thou cam'ſt here;
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years ſince, *Miranda*; twelve years ſince,

Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid, thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and thou his only heir
A Princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.

Mira. O, the heav'ns!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed waſ't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou ſay'ſt) were we heav'd thence
But bleſſedly help'd hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Pleaſe you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*—
I pray thee, mark me;—(that a brother ſhould *
Be ſo perfidious!) he whom next thyſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; (as, at that time,
Through all the ſigniories it was the firſt;
And *Proſpero* the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy :)
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger; being tranſported,
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle—
(Doſt thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me, then.
He being thus lorded,

* Our Author has been in this ſpeech, as well as in other places,
too liberal of digreſſive parentheſes.

Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact; like one
 Who having unto truth, by telling oft;
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was, indeed, the Duke; from substitution,
 And executing th'outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
 Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he playd,
 And him he playd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute *Milan*. Me, poor man!—my library
 Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable: confederates
 (* So dry he was for sway) wi'th' King of *Naples*
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
 Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
 The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan*!)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th'event; then tell me
 If this might be a Brother?

Mira. I should sin,
 To think but nobly of my grandmother.

Pro. Now the condition:
 This King of *Naples*, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hears my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premises,
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine,
 Out of the Dukedom; and confer fair *Milan*,
 With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
 A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night,
 † Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open

* So dry he was for sway; we think this very impoverished phraseology; a small change in our apprehension might mend it—he *thirsted* so for sway.

† *Fated*—is rather an exaggerated term, here.

The gates of *Milan*; and, i'th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembring how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
Which now's upon's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong*.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O! a cherubim †
Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,
(When I have deck'd the sea with drops full-salt;
Under my burden groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

* *Prospero* describes the treatment himself and his infant daughter met, with the deplorable situation they were turned adrift in, in strong terms.

† There is much paternal tenderness and delicacy, in this very affectionate remark.

Mira.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much. So of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, attend:—
And hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit,
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'n's thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason,
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience *,
I find, my *Zenith* doth depend, upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence,
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know, thou canst not chuse—[*Aside.*
[*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come; I'm ready, now;
Approach, my *Ariel*, come.

* This foreknowledge, joined with magic, we by no means like; they are ticklish ideas for young or weak minds, therefore ill calculated for public utterance, or private perusal.

Enter Ariel.*

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure: be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his qualities.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly;
Then meet and join. *Jove's* lightnings, the precursors
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running, were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave, brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son *Ferdinand*,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man, that leap'd; cry'd, "Hell is empty;
"And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my Spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe?

* *Ariel* should be remarkably delicate in appearance and expression, with a good musical voice; the description of his operation, upon the ship, is remarkably animated and poetical.

Ari. Not a hair perish'd :
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before. And as thou badst me,
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle :
 The King's son have I landed by himself,
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship
 The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
 And all the rest o'th' fleet ?

Ari. Safely in harbour
 Is the King's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
 From the still-vest *Bermudas*, there she's hid :
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I've left asleep ; and for the rest o'th' fleet,
 (Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
 And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
 Bound sadly home for *Naples* ;
 Supposing, that they saw the King's ship wreckt,
 And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work.
 What is the time o'th' day ?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses ; the time 'twixt six and now,
 Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil ? since thou dost give me pains,
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now ! moody ?
 What is't thou canst demand ?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out ? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,
 Remember, I have done thee worthy service ;
 Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd

Without

Without or grudge, or grumbings ; thou didst promise
To bate me a full year *.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee ?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing ! hast thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast : where was she born ? speak ; tell
me.

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so ? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible,
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'st, was banish'd : for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true ?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,
And here was left by th' sailors ; thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant,
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there : where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this Island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,

* The spirit's squabbling here with *Prospero*, shows too much of
the sulky-mortal servant ; a being of this kind, and of such power,
must previously know that such resistance could be of no effect,
therefore superfluous.

A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape*.

Ari. Yes ; *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so : he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st,
What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears ; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo : it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'riting gently.

Pro. Do so : and, after two days,
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master :

What shall I do ? say what ? what shall I do ?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o'th' sea.
Be subject to no sight, but mine : invisible
'To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in it : go hence with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
Awake—

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off : come on ;
I'll visit *Caliban* my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

* The only use we see in this quarrel, between master and attendant, is to cke out a scene rather too long before, and to make mention of *Sycorax*, which might have been done as well elsewhere.

Mira.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, fir,
I do not love to look on—

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. [*Ex. Miranda.*] What ho; slave!

Caliban!
Thou earth thou! speak.

Cal. [*within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
thee.
Come, thou tortoise! when?—

Enter Ariel, like a Water Nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My Lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself,
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd,
With raven's feather from unwholsom fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'd'st me, and mad'st much of me; and
would'st give me

* The figure of *Caliban* is totally made; his language, which is most admirably adapted, should be uttered with a rough, malignant coarseness of expression.

Water with berries in't ; and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,
 That burn by day and night : and then I lov'd thee,
 And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
 The fresh springs, brine pits ; barren place, and fertile.
 Curs'd be I, that I did so ! all the charms
 Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
 For I am all the Subjects that you have,
 Who first was mine own King ; and here you sty me,
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest of th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness ; I have us'd thee
 (Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
 In mine own cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho !—I would it had been done !
 Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
 This Isle with *Calibans*.

Pro. Abhorred slave * !
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill ! I pity'd thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee, each hour,
 One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes,
 With words that made them known.

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse : the red plague rid you,
 For learning me your language !

Pro. Hag-feed, hence !
 Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wert best)
 To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly,
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps ;

* As ingratitude is a very deep mark of a bad, unprincipled heart, and which is never found among the brute creation, when kindly used, fixing a positive charge of it on *Caliban*, heightens his gloomy character much.

Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,
It would control my dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence! [Exit Caliban.]

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curst if when you have, and kiss,
The wild waves whist;
Foot it feathery here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

[Burden dispersedly.]

Hark, bark, bough-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Baugh waugh.

Ari. Hark, bark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleere,
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.

A Dance of Sprites.

Fer. Where should this musick be, i'th' air, or earth?—
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some God o'th' Island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wreck,
'This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me, rather—but 'tis gone.

[Musick plays.]

No, it begins again.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him, that doth fade,

But

*But doth suffer a sea-change,
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
 Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.*

[Burden: ding dong.]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owns [*Musick again.*] I hear it now
 above me. [*Exit Ferd. and Ariel.*]

SCENE. *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter Ariel and Ferd. on one side; and Prospero and
 Miranda, on the other.*

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
 And say, what thou see'st yond.

Mira. What is't, a spirit?
 Lord, how it looks about! believe me, sir,
 It carries a brave form. But is't a spirit*?

Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such
 senses

As we have, such. This gallant, which thou see'st,
 Was in the wreck: and, but he's something itain'd
 With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st call
 him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
 And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
 A thing divine; for nothing natural
 I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*]
 As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee,
 Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
 On whom these airs attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r
 May know, if you remain upon this island:
 And that you will some good instruction give,

* *Miranda's* simplicity of surprize at seeing *Ferdinand* for the
 first time, is natural, and finely imagined.

How I may bear me here : my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder !
If you be maid or no ?

Mira. No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language ! heav'ns !
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How ? the best ?
What wert thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee ?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of *Naples*. He does hear me ;
And, that he does, I weep : myself am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreckt.

Mira. Alack, for mercy !

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his Lords : the Duke of *Milan*,
And his brave Son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of *Milan*,
And his more brave daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't :—At the first sight, [*To Ariel.*
They have chang'd eyes :
A word, good sir,

I fear, you've done yourself some wrong : a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father, so urgently ? this
Is the third man that I e'er saw ; the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way * !

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*,

Pro. Soft, sir ; one word more—
They're both in either's power : but this swift business
[*Aside.*

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more ; I charge
thee,

* The young lady, we think, is rather forward in declaring her inclination, especially considering the abstracted, lonely state she has been brought up in—nature has sudden feelings, but sense and delicacy check them.

That

That thou attend me :—thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me—

Speak not you for him : he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together ;
Sea-water shalt thou drink : thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd root, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,

I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*]

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him ; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,

My foot my tutor ? put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike ; thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father.

[*Kneels.*]

Pro. Hence : hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity ;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence : one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !
An advocate for an impostor ? hush !
'Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and *Caliban* ; foolish wench !
To th' most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels *.

* The stern behaviour of *Prospero* is well conceived, to check for a time, though it, in reality, increases the precipitate affection for each other, entertained by the young pair.

Mira.

THE TEMPEST.

23

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble : I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey ;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but through my prison, once a day,
Behold this maid : all corners else o'th' earth,
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works : come on.
(Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel* :) follow me.
Hark what thou else shalt do me. [To *Ariel*.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, fir,
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted.
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free,
As mountain winds ; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come, follow : speak not for him. [Exeunt.*

* The first Act, exclusive of the bustling first scene, and two agreeable songs, we deem exceeding heavy ; though *Caliban* must be admitted a very original object, and well worthy particular notice : the sentiments and language are good, but spirit and variation are wanting.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE, *Another Part of the Island.** *Enter* Alonzo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, and Francisco.

Gon. **B**EESEECH you, sir, be merry: you have
 cause,
 (So have we all) of joy! for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
 Is common every day, some sailor's wife,
 The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
 Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
 (I mean our preservation) few in millions,
 Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. †

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh, as
 when we put them on first in *Africk*, at the marriage of
 the King's fair daughter *Claribel*, to the King of *Tunis*.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
 The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
 Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,
 My son is lost.

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs; his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms, in lusty strokes,
 To th' shore: I not doubt,
 He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

* If this half-drowned King, and his sea-soused attendants,
 are decent figures and decent speakers, they walk through well
 enough.

† There are near three pages of the scene succeeding this speech,
 in the original, very properly left out, as they are strangely trifling,
 and therefore not worthy either utterance or perusal.

Seb.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an *African*;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't,

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself,
Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them, of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o'th' loss.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,
The truth, you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister*.

Alon. Still let me hope. Good *Francisco*, look
Out again, scout round the rocks, and bring my
Heart some comfort with my son. [*Exit Francisco.*]

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my Lord,
And were a King on't, what would I do?
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more—Thou dost talk
Nothing to me—Let us sit down upon
This bank, and rest our sorrows.

Gon. I will, my Lord; for I am very heavy.

[*They lie down upon the bank* †.]

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

* This rebuff *Gonzalo* gives *Sebastian*, for remarks monstrously ill timed, and most indecently cruel.

† We think sleep is too often called upon; *Miranda* has had a nap, in the first act, to very little use, and here we are presented with another, to less.

Ant. We two, my Lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy—

[*All sleep but Seb. and Ant.*

[*Soft music is played.*

Seb. What a strange drowfiness possesles them!

Ant. It is the quality o'th' climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebastian*—O, what might—no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on;
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples*?

Seb. What mean you?

Ant. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse,
Than now they are: there be that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that sleeps;
O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep was this,
For your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb.

THE TEMPEST.

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Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother *Prospero* *.

Ant. True:

And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lyes that?

Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molelt!
Here lyes your brother—

No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir *Prudence*, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll tell the clock to any business, that,
We say, befits the hour †.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,

* There is above a page of this dull scene most necessarily sliced out; patience must otherwise cry out loudly.

† This strange suggestion of murdering a King for dominions, which they know not they shall ever see again, and by people so lately saved themselves, appears a strain of probability, and is besides superfluous.

That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's Ear.

*While you here do snoring lye,
Open-cy'd Conspiracy
His time doth take :
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber and beware :
Awake ! awake !*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the King!

[They wake.

Alon. Why, how now, ho ? awake ? why are you drawn ?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,
Like bulls, or rather lions ; did't not wake you ?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear ;
To make an earthquake : sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this ?

Gon. Upon my honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.

I shak'd yot, sir, and cry'd ; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn ; there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard ;

Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

Aion. Lead off this ground, and let's make further
search,

For my poor son.

Gon. Heav'n's keep him from these beasts !

For he is, sure, i'th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban, with a burden of wood; a noise of thunder heard.

* *Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up,
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me.
Sometimes like apes, that mope and chatter at me;
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spi'rit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
sing i'th' wind: yon same black cloud, yon huge one,
looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor.
If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where
to hide my head: yon same cloud cannot choose but
fall by pailfuls—What have we here, a man or a fish?
dead or alive? a fish; he smells like a fish: a very an-
cient and fish-like smell. A kind of, not of the newest,
Poor John: a strange fish! Were I in *England* now, as
once I was, and had but this fish painted, not an holiday-
fool there but would give a piece of silver. There
would this monster make a man: any strange beast there

* This speech is extremely and peculiarly picturesque, nothing
could be better conceived, or expressed, for a mongrel monster; the
ideas are abundantly rich, and happy in their kind.

Z 3

makes

makes a man ; when they will not give a doit, to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten, to see a dead *Indian*. Legged like a man ! and his fins like arms ! warm, o' my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer ; this is no fish, but an *Islander*, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. Alas ! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine : there is no other shelter, hereabout ; misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows : I will here shrowd, 'till the dregs of the storm be past *.

Enter Stephano, singing.

Step. *I shall no more to sea, to sea ; here shall I die a-shore.*
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral ; well, here's my comfort. *[Drinks ; then sings.*

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,*

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate ;

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, go hang :

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tay'or might scratch her, where-e'er she did itch.

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune, too ; but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me, oh !

Step. What's the matter ? have we devils here ? do you put tricks upon's with savages, and men of *Inde* ? ha ? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs ; for it hath been said, As proper a man, as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground ; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breathes at his nostrils.

* There is considerable spirit and humour in this speech, which, as well as the rest of *Trinculo*, requires a good low comedian : his remark on the *English* taste for strange sights, is tart, pleasant, and just ; *Stephano* is nearly in the style of his companion.

Cal. The spirit torments me : oh !

Step. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague : where the devil should he learn our language ? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that : if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee ; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Step. He's in his fit now ; and does not talk after the wisest : he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit ; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him ; he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling : now *Prosper* works upon thee.

Step. Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat ; open your mouth ; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly : you cannot tell who's your friend ; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice : it should be—but he is drowned ; and these are devils ; O ! defend me—

Step. Four legs and two voices ; a most delicate monster ! his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to spatter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague : come : *Amen* ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. *Stephano*—

Step. Doth thy other mouth call me ? mercy ! mercy ! this is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

Trin. *Stephano* ! if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am *Trinculo* ; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Step. If thou beest *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be *Trinculo's* legs, these are they.

they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed: how can'st thou to the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo's*!

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thander-stroke: and art thou living, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* scap'd!

Step. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Step. How didst thou scape? how can'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou can'st hither: I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Step. Here: swear then, how escap'st thou?

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Step. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

Step. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Step. Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Step. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th' Isle, and I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee
TO Berries,

I'll

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder
of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmazet: I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Step. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more
talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company else
being drown'd, we will inherit here. Hear, bear my
bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel, master; farewel,
farewel.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,
Ban' Ban', Cacalyban,
Has a new master; get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-
day, freedom!

Step. O brave monster, lead the way. [*Exeunt.**]

* Though this last scene has some humour, we cannot help
thinking the second Act more languid and inconsiderable than the
first; the actors, in the grave part, have a most insipid load to
sustain.

A C T III.

SCENE, *before Prospero's Cell.**Ferdinand discover'd, bearing a Log.*

Fer. **T**HERE be some sports are painful, but their labour

* Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasure: O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such base-
ness

Had ne'er like executor; I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
Most busyless, when I do it.

Enter Miranda.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that thou'rt enjoined to pile:
Pray, set it down, and rest you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you; my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

* This sentiment, though very well expressed here, is delivered more concisely in *Macbeth*:

"The labour we delight in physics pain."

Fer.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heart to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I'm skill-less of; but, by my modesty,

(The

(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world, but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak;
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you*.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer,
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful Cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy Innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow,
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

* We know not a prettier, or more delicate, pattern of love, than this scene exhibits; it is not quite so warm as that in the second Act of *Romeo and Juliet*; but, considering *Miranda's* sequestered education, has equal merit.

Mira.

Mira. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing,
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now, farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to another part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Step. Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will
drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up,
and board 'em, servant monster; drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! they
say there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them;
if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Step. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy
eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Step. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam,
ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off
and on; by this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, mon-
ster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Step. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and
yet say nothing, neither.

Step. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest
a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe;
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case
to juggle a constable; why, thou devious'd fish, thou, was
there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much
sack as I, to-day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being
but half a fish, and half a monster?

VOL. III.

A a

Cal.

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Step. *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Step. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Step. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Step. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say, by forcery he got this Isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st, But this thing dares not—)

Step. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Step. How now shall this be compass'd? canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this! thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy Greatness, give him blows,

And

And take this bottle from him ; when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Step. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger : interrupt
the monster, one word further, and, by this hand, I'll
turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of
thee.

Trin. Why, what did I ? I did nothing ; I'll go further
off.

Step. Didst thou not say, he ly'd ?

Ari. Thou liest *.

Step. Do I so ? take you that.

[*Beats him.*]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie ; out o'your wits,
and hearing too ? A pox o'your bottle ! This can sack
and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the
devil take your fingers !

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Step. Now, forward with your tale ; pr'ythee, stand
further off.

Cal. Beat him enough ; after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Step. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I'th' afternoon, to sleep ; there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books ; or with a log,
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books ; for without them,
He's but a sot, as I am ; nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books ;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them),
Which when he has an house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter ; he himself

* The invisibility of *Ariel*, with his interruptions, give a zest to
this scene, which, in other respects, has considerable humour.

Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and she:
But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*,
As greatest does the least.

Step. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, Lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Step. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
I will be King and Queen, save our Graces: and *Trinculo*
and thyself shall be Vice-roys. Dost thou like the plot,
Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Step. Give me thy hand; I am sorry, I beat thee: but,
while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him, then?

Step. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;
Let us be *jocund**. Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but a while ere?

Step. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason: come on, *Trinculo*, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em: and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the Tune on a Tabour and Pipe.*

Step. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the
picture of nobody.

Step. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in the like-
ness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive my sins!

Step. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy
upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Step. No, monster, not I.

* *Jocund*—is a very improper word for *Caliban*.

Cal. Be not afraid ; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
 Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices ;
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again ; and then in dreaming,
 The clouds, methought, will open, and shew riches
 Ready to drop upon me ; then, when I wak'd,
 I cry'd to dream again.

Step. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
 I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Step. That shall be, by and by : I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away ; let's follow it, and
 after do our work.

Step. Lead, monster ; we'll follow. I would I could
 see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come ? I'll follow, *Stephano*. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to another part of the Island.

Enter *Alonso*, *Sebastian*, *Anthonio*, *Gonzalo*,
Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, fir,
 My old bones ake : here's a maze trod, indeed,
 Through forth rights and meanders ! by your patience,
 I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
 Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
 To th' dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest.
 Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
 No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd,
 Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
 Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
 Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose,
 That you resolv'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange musick.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what were these?
[*A dance of fantastick spirits.*]

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in *Arabia*,
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*,
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, *certainly*, these are people of the island)
Who tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many; nay, almost any.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely. [Thunder.]

Two Devils rise out of the Stage, with a Table decorated.

Seb. No matter, since
They've

They've left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,

Although my last; no matter, since I feel

The best is past. Brother, my Lord the Duke,

Stand to, and do as we.

[*The Devils vanish with the Table.*]

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny

The never-furfeited sea

Hath caused to belch up; and on this Island,

Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows

Are ministers of fate; the elements,

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs,

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,

And will not be up-lifted. But remember,

(For that's my business to you) that you three

From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*;

Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)

Hiin, and his innocent child; for which foul deed,

The powers delaying, not forgetting, have

Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,

Against your peace: thee of thy son, *Alonso*,

They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,

Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death

Can be at once, shall step by step attend

You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from,

(Which here in this most desolate Isle else falls

Upon

Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing *. [Ex. Ariel.

Gon. I' th' name of something holy, fir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper*: it did bafe my trespass.
Therefore, my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded. [Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecstacy
May now provoke them to. [Exeunt.†

* This awful address and condemnation, with the preparative circumstances, are well framed, to strike torment and terror deep into guilty breasts.

† The third Act has more life, humour, and entertaining matter, than the two preceding ones: it performs far beyond them: as to perusal, there is little or no difference.

THE TEMPEST.

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ACT IV.

SCENE, Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. **I**F I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life;
Or that for which I live: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find, she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition,
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may,
With full and holy rite, be minister'd,
No sweet aspersions shall the heav'ns let fall,
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you*.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt

* There is something very fanciful and prudent in this precautionary intimation, but the third line seems to us rather indelicate.

Mine

Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think or *Phæbus*' steeds are founde'r'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.

What, *Ariel*; my industrious servant, *Ariel*—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple,
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ariel sings.

A I R.

*Before you can say, Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, So, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow,
Do you love me, master? no?*

Pro. Why, that's my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach,
'Till thou dost hear me call. [*Exit Ariel.*]

Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw,
To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night, your vow!—

Fer. I warrant you, sir;

The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart,
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro.

Pro. Well.

No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [To Ferdinand.

[Soft Music.*

M A S Q U E. Enter *Juno*.

RECITATIVE.

*Hither, Hymen, speed your way,
Celebrate this happy day;
Hither, Ceres, haste away,
Celebrate this happy day:
With blithsome look, and jocund mien,
Come, and tread this short grass green,
Leave behind your grief and care,
Come, and bless this happy pair.*

Enter *Hymen* and *Ceres*.

Hym. Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance and encreasing,
Hourly joys be still upon ye,
Hymen sings his blessings on ye.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foyson plenty,
Barns and garner never empty;
Vines in clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthens bowing.

BOTH.

*Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance and encreasing,
Hourly joys be still upon ye,
Hymen sings his blessings on ye.*

DUET.

Cer. Scarcity and want shall shun ye,
Ceres sings her blessings on ye.

* The following Masque is altered from *Shakespeare*, and judiciously made half as short again as the original.

Hym.

Hym. *Hourly joys be still upon ye,
Hymen sings his blessings on ye.*

RECIT.

*You sun-burn'd sickle men, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.*

DUET.

Hymen and Ceres.

*Away, away, make holiday,
Your rye-straw hats put on;
Bring each his last, and beat the grass,
Let toil and care be gone.*

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards the end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks.

Pro. Break off, break off,
I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Well done, avoid; no more.

[Exeunt Dancers, &c.]

Fer. This is most strange; your father's in some passion,
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never 'till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be chearful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
* The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,

* Of this passage, so universally known, and so justly admired, we may say, that it possesses eastern magnificence of idea, clothed with the chastest elegance; no author ever soared beyond, and *Shakespeare* himself but rarely comes up to it.

THE TEMPEST.

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The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all, which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like the baseless fabrick of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind!—Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exe. Fer. and Mir.*]

Pro. Come, with a thought—I thank you—*Ariel*,
come.

Prospero comes forward; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented *Cere*,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air,
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground,
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they *smelt* * musick; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I'th' filthy mantled pool, beyond your cell.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still;

* The *smelling* of music is a very strange idea, or, at least, one
of singular latitude, to whatever objects it may be applied.

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And, as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero remains invisible.*

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
not

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Step. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you say is a harm-
less *Fairy*, has done little better than played the *Jack*
with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my
nose is in great indignation*.

Step. So is mine: do you hear, monster? if I should
take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wer't but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour still;
Be patient; for the prize, I'll bring thee to,
† Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak
softly:

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Step. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,
monster, but an infinite loss.

* This speech of *Trinculo* is very indelicate and unnecessary;
for it conveys a nauseous idea, without a gleam of humour; some
passages, censurably gross, have a plea of pleasantry in their fa-
vour: this having none, should certainly be omitted.

† *Hood-wink mischance*—which has an allusion to falconry, is
certainly too fanciful an expression, for such a brute.

Trin.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless *Fairy*, monster.

Step. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: feast thou here, This is the mouth o'th' cell; no noise, and enter; Do that good mischief, which may make this Island Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*, For ay thy foot-licker.

Step. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*! O Peer! O worthy *Stephano*! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery;—O, King *Stephano*!

Step. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropfy drown this fool! what do you mean; To doat thus on such luggage? let's along, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Step. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.

Step. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am King of this country: steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes, With foreheads villainous low.

Step. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Step. Ay, and this.

[*Thunder.*

Enter divers Spirits; Prospero and Ariel setting them on, Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo driven out, roaring.

Pro. Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews, With aged cramps; and more pinch spotted make them, Than pard, or cat o' mountain. [*Roaring within.*

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour, Lye at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little, Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.**

* This Act, though inferior to the third, yet has matter and spirit enough to please in representation: it is to be remarked in general of this play, that it stands a good deal indebted for agreeable effects, to music and dancing.

A C T V.

SCENE, before the Cell.

Enter Prospero, in his magic Robes, and Ariel.

Pro. **N**OW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and
time

Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time, my Lord,
You said, our work should cease.

Pro.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest; say, my spirit,
How fares the King and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd
In the same fashion as you gave in charge; -
Just as you left them, all prisoners, sir,
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, 'till your release. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old Lord *Gonzalo*.
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works 'em,
'That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hail thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling,
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
'Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
* In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further; go, release them, *Ariel*;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves,

* There is here a signal elevation of sentiment, a peculiar
fineness of feeling, which does the author great honour; but why
Ariel, as a good spirit, should have no tender sensations, we know
not: he feels joy and pain for himself; why not a little for human
beings distressed?

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot,
 Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
 When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
 By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
 (Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
 The noon tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault,
 Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I giv'n fire, and risted *Jove's* stout oak,
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
 The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
 Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth,
 By my so potent art. But this rough magick
 I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly musick, which ev'n now I do,
 (To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for), I'll break my staff;
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth;
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book *.

[Solemn Music.]

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso, Gonzalo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Francisco. They all enter the Circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks.

There stand,
 For you are spell-stopt.—
 Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man †,
 Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to th' shew of thine,

* There is great poetical solemnity and richness of description, in this speech, which concludes well with *Prospero's* determination to give up the pernicious power and study of magic.

† This speech is also beautiful and humane; it almost teaches us to feel pity and forgiveness, for those wretched characters we have hitherto justly despised.

Fall

Fall fellow drops—The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
 Their clearer reason. Sir—Most cruelly
 Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me and my daughter :
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*, flesh and blood.
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature ; I do forgive thee,
 Unnat'ral though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
 That yet looks on me, or would know me.—*Ariel*,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ;
 I will dis-case me, and myself present,
 As I was sometime *Milan* : quickly, Spirit ;
 Thou shalt ere long be free. [*Prospero goes in.*]

Ariel sings.

*Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie :
 There I couch, when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After sunset, merrily,
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.*

Enter Prospero, drest.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel* ; I shall miss thee ;
 But yet thou shalt have freedom.
 To the King's ship, invisible as thou art :
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep,
 Under the hatches ; the master and boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
 And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [Exit.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabit here ; some heav'ently power guide us,
Out of this fearful country !

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Prospero* :
For more assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body.

Alon. Be'st thou he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know ; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me ; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story ;
Thy Dukedom I resign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs ; but how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here ?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain : welcome, my friends all.
For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults ; all of them ; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who, three hours since,
Were wreckt upon this shore ; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is !)
My dear son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these Lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know, for certain,
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Milan*; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreckt, was landed,
To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE opens to the Entrance of the Cell.

Here *Prospero* discovers *Ferdinand* and *Miranda* playing
at Chess.

Mira. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cause. [Ferd. kneels.]

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice: nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father:
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
But, oh, how odly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrance, with
An heaviness that's gone*.

* It speaks exceeding delicacy of sense in *Prospero*, to check the
tings of self-reproach.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke, ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

*Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly,
following.*

O look, sir, look, sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
Not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company; the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatsf. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with strange and sev'ral noises,
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,

Ev'n

Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence; thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business, more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure,
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo,
in their stolen Apparel.*

Step. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself; for all is but fortune. *Coragio,*
bully-monster, *Coragio!*

Trin. If these be true spies, which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid,
He will chastise me.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say, if they be true: this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs.
These three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them,
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; where should they
Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Frin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano*?

Step. O, touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' th' isle, firrah?

Step. I should have been a fore-one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape: go, firrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a God,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest,
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to see the nuptials,
Of these our dear-beloved, solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must

VOL. III.

* C. c.

Take

Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near. *

* The last Act has a considerable share of business, the incidents are pleasing, the writing nervous, the characters well disposed, and the catastrophe most pleasingly brought about.

EPILOGUE†.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown.

And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: and now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell:
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
As you would pardon'd wish to be,
Let your indulgence set me free!

† This address to the audience is sensible, and the lines happily avoid namby pamby jingle, by running agreeably into each other; the last distich we object to, as alluding too closely to the Lord's prayer.

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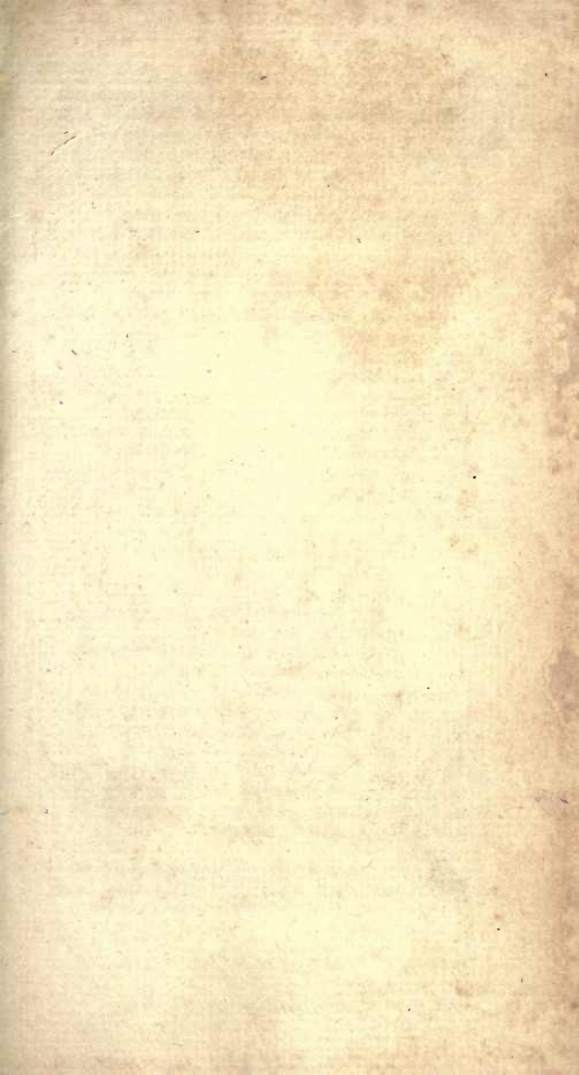
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MEASURE for MEASURE.

Act II.

Scene VII.



*Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
and you but waste your Words.*

MEASURE for MEASURE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REVISED

By Mr. YOUNGER,

Prompter of that Theatre.

AN INTRODUCTION, and NOTES
CRITICAL and ILLUSTRATIVE,

ARE ADDED BY THE
AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCLXXIII.

MISSISSIPPI

AT THE COURT OF THE

CHANCERY

IN THE

COUNTY OF

MISSISSIPPI

IN THE

CASE OF

THE

STATE OF

MISSISSIPPI

VS.

THE

STATE OF

MISSISSIPPI

VS.

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VS.

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VS.

THE

STATE OF

INTRODUCTION.

IT is one of the greatest errors sovereignty can commit, to place unlimited confidence in ministers unproved; no professions, no flatterings, no fair external appearance, should prevent a watchful eye over those, who, by their rank and stations, are enabled to do much public good, or much public prejudice; under this commendable idea, Shakespeare conceived Measure for Measure; and he has handled his subject in a masterly manner; he has taken very successful pains with four of the characters: the Duke, Angelo, Lucio, and Isabella; however, the two former require great help from the actors who personate them; the two latter assist the performers. Had the plot been possessed of greater latitude, that heavy sameness we perceive in many parts of this piece, would have been avoided—The sentiments in general are fine, and extremely well adapted, the language poetical and nervous.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Covent-Garden.

DUKE,	Mr. BENSLEY.
ANGELO,	Mr. CLARKE.
ESCALUS,	Mr. HULL.
CLAUDIO,	Mr. WROUGHTON.
LUCIO,	Mr. WOODWARD.
PROVOST,	Mr. GARDNER.
THOMAS,	Mr. REDMAN.
PETER,	Mr. R. SMITH.
ELBOW,	Mr. QUICK.
CLOWN,	Mr. DUNSTALL.
ABHORSON,	Mr. BATES.
BARNARDINE,	Mr. STOPPELAER.

ISABELLA,	Mrs. YATES.
MARIANA,	Mrs. BULKLEY.
JULIET,	Mrs. INVILE.
FRANCISCA,	Miss PEARCE.
Mistress OVER-DONE,	Mrs. WHITE.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Vienna.*

MEA.

MEASURE for MEASURE*.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

DUKE.

ESCALUS,—

Escal. My Lord,

Duke. Of government the properties t'unfold^d,

Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse.

Since I am not to know that your own science

Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice.

My strength can give you:

The nature of our people,

Our city's institutions, and the terms

Of common justice, y'are as pregnant in,

As art and practice hath enriched any,

That we remember. There is our commission,

From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,

I say, bid come before us *Angelo*:

What figure of us, think you, he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply;

Lent him our terror, drest him with our love;

And giv'n our deputation all the organs

Of our own power: say, what think you of it?

* The title of this play to persons not very intelligent, sounds rather odd, and is somewhat obscure; but the play fully justifies and appropriates it.

6 MEASURE for MEASURE:

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth,
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes!

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, *Angelo*:
In our remove, be thou at full yourself.
Mortality and mercy in *Vienna*,
Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Escalus*,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice,
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,

How

How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my Lord;
That we may bring you something on the way,

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple ; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good.

I'll privily away. I love the people :
But do not like to stage me to their eyes * :

Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement :
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,

That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give safety to your purposes !

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness !

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [Exit.]

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave,
To have free speech with you ;
A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Aug. 'Tis so with me : let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have,
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [Exeunt †.]

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th'
world ?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

* *Shakespeare* has most judiciously, on every occasion, shown the insignificance of vehement popular applause ; an idol which knaves sometimes worship, successfully, and fools always admire, without a meaning.

† After this scene, there are three very slight unworthy pages of the original, most properly rejected.

8. MEASURE for MEASURE.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition;
But from Lord *Angelo* by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight.
The words of heav'n; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Why how now, *Claudio*? whence comes this
restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by th' immoderate use,
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to
say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of free-
dom, as the morality of imprisonment: what's thy
offence, *Claudio*?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Wenching?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—*Lucio*, a word with
you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good:
Is wenching so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it upon me: upon a true contract,
I got possession of *Julietta's* bed,
(You know the lady,) she is fast my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack,
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower,
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances;

The

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on *Juliet*.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy now for the Duke,

* (Whether it be the fault, and glimpse, of newness;

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it strait feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in:—)—but this new Governor

Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties †,

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall

So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,

And none of them been worn: and, for a name,

Now puts the drowfy and neglected act

Freshly on me: 'tis surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head stands so tickle
on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love,
may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to
him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service:

This day my sister should the cloister enter;

And there receive her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state,

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends,

To the strict Deputy: bid herself assay him;

I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect ‡,

Such as moves men! beside, she hath prosp'rous art,

* This is an unpardonable long parenthesis; hard to speak intelligibly.

† Arbitrary governors will rake amongst the most antiquated authorities, to gloss rigid exertion and extension of power.

‡ The power of female youth and beauty, is expressed with comprehensive brevity, in this line.

10 MEASURE for MEASURE.

When she will play with reason and discourse;
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, as for the enjoying of thy life, which I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticktack. I'll to her.

* *Claud.* I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Monastery.*

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas †.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love,
Can pierce a compleat bosom; why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose,
More grave and wrinkled, than the aims and ends,
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witness bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord *Angelo*,
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute pow'r and place, here in *Vienna*;
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*.
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

* Though *Lucio* is drawn a spirited coxcomb, yet for the melancholy circumstance his acquaintance *Claudio* is in, we think him furnished in this scene with too much levity.

† That performer, who personates the Duke, in this piece, should be a sound, firm, judicious orator; possessed of agreeable medium tones, action of dignity, and emphasis of force: the character is finely written, yet from its length and sameness, requires considerable help from the actor; who, if not very clever, stands a chance to pall.

Fri.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most binding laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,) Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum*.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
T'unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, good
father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th' ambush of my name strike home:
And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both Prince and people; therefore pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear,
Like a true *Friar*. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord *Angelo* is precise †;

* The effects arising from too great a relaxation of power, are happily described here; and the regal is well assimilated to parental authority.

† The Duke's purpose is very sensibly expressed, in the four last lines of this speech; as surmising justly, that seemers may vary much from their appearances.

12 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Nunnery.*

* *Enter Isabella and Francisca.*

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges ?

Nun. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly : I speak not, as desiring more ;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint,
Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio. [*Within.*] Hoa ! peace be in this place !

Isab. Who's that, which calls ?

Nun. It is a man's voice : gentle *Isabella*,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;
You may ; I may not ; you are yet unsworn :
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the Prioress ;
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face ;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again ; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit Franc.*]

Enter Lucio. †

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less ; can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother *Claudio* ?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother ? let me ask,
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his sister.

* *Isabella* should be graceful and amiable in figure ; her voice full and harmonious, her emphasis strictly just, her cadences unaffected ; and the whole of her utterance remarkably persuasive.

† The requisites for pert self-sufficient foppery, will render *Lucio* a pleasant character ; it is more in favour of the actor, than any other in the piece.

Lucio.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 13

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Wo me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar sin,
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and fainted;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—my cousin Juliet!

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;

Upon his place,

And with full line of his authority,

Governs Lord *Angelo*; a man whose blood

Is very snow-broth.

He hath pick'd out an act,

Under whose heavy sense your brother's life

Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it;

And follows close the rigor of the statute,

To make him an example; all hope's gone.

Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer,

To soften *Angelo*; and that's my pith of business,

'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so

Seek for his life?

Lucio. He 'as censur'd him, already;

And, as I hear, the Provost hath a warrant,

For's execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor

Ability's in me, to do him good!

14 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors *;

And make us lose the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it strait;
No longer slaying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: soon at night,
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good Sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt* †.]

* This is an excellent remark, very often felt by the shy and timorous, who let slip, through diffidence, advantageous opportunities, which the more confident suitors of Fortune, push on to meet.

† The first Act is sufficiently interesting, as it opens the plot and characters, in a pleasing manner.

A C T II.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter Angelo, and Escalus. *

ANGELO.

WE must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
An't it keep one shape, 'till custom make it
Th'ir perch, and not their terror.

* *Angelo* and *Escalus*, though material agents in the Play, may be sufficiently supported by third-rate abilities; however, they should look nobility, and speak like men of sense.

Isab.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 15

Escal. Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father;
Let but your Honour know,
Who I believe to be most strait in virtue,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you. *

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall.

You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See, that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine, to-morrow morning.
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage—

Escal. † Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone. [*Exit.* †]

Prov. Is't your fix'd design, *Claudio* shall die, to-morrow?

* *Escalus* here shews himself sensibly humane; if dispensers of public justice would, as they ought, look at home, the rig'd duties of law would be frequently softened.

† *Escalus*, in these four lines, delivers a very sensible remark; life frequently evinces, that the very means which raise some, cast down others, and that great villains escape that punishment, which falls heavy on smaller ones.

‡ Here follows no less than seven pages of absolute ribaldry, full of nothingness and indecencies; the annihilation of them does credit to our author and the stage.

16 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? Hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine.
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place, and that with speed.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [Exit Servant.

Enter Lucio, and Isabella.

Ang. Y'are welcome; what's your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your Honour,
Plea'e but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
And yet I am

At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done;
Mine were the very cypher of a function,

To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Ijab. O just, but severe law !

I had a brother, then ; — heav'n keep your Honour !

Lucio. Give not o'er so : to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him : hang upon his gown :

You are too cold ; if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.

To him, I say.

Ijab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Ijab. Yes ; I do think, that you might pardon him ;

And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Ijab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Ijab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,

As mine is to him ?

Ang. He's sentenc'd ; 'tis too late.

Ijab. Too late ? why, no ; I, that do speak a word,

May call it back again : Well, believe this,

No ceremony that to Great ones 'longs,

Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace,

As mercy does : if he had been as you,

And you as he, you would have slipt like him ;

But he, like you, would not have been so ste n.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Ijab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your potency,

And you were *Ijab*el ; should it then be thus ?

No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,

And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him ; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,

And you but waste your words.

Ijab. Alas ! alas !

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;

And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,

18 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of Judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. * Be you content, fair maid;
It is the Law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies, to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? oh! that's sudden. Spare him,
Spare him:

Good, good my Lord, bethink you:
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man, that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those, I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gaul;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies, to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: oh, 'tis excellent,
To have a Giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a Giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder †

* The supplicative persuasion of *Isabella*, in this scene, is delicate, pathetic, and forceable; *Shakespeare's* humane disposition, and love of mercy, are very evident, in his masterly recommendations of that heavenly attribute, particularly those in this Play, and the *Merchant of Venice*.

† There is as much poetic fire, as fine reflections, as strict moral truth, and as powerful reasoning, in this speech, as any *Shakespeare* ever wrote.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 19

As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
 For every pelting, petty, officer
 Would use his heav'n for thunder;
 Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
 Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
 Drest in a little brief authority;
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heav'n,
 As make the angels weep.

Prov. Pray heav'n, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:
 Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
 But, in the less, foul profanation.*

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
 That skins the vice o' th' top: go to your bosom;
 Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
 That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
 A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue,
 Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
 That my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my Lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me, come again, to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heav'n shall share
 with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekles of the tested gold,
 Or stones, whose rate are either rich or poor,
 As fancy values them; but with true prayers,

* This is a remark sensibly satirical, upon mis-judging greatness, which supposes it may do things with impunity, punishable in those of lower station.

That

20 MEASURE for MEASURE.

That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal. *

Ang. Well; come, to-morrow.

Ijab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Ijab. At what hour, to-morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Ijab. Save your Honour! [*Exe. Lucio, and Isabella.*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine? †
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense,
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes?
Oh, cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on

* The superior estimation of orisons, breathed from chaste sincerity, to temporal riches, is here beautifully set forth.

† The agitations of even a bad mind, first verging on, and then plunging into extreme guilt, are finely depicted in this soliloquy: the discerning auditor and reader may collect much instructive and pleasing matter from it.

To

MEASURE for MEASURE. 23

To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: ever till this very now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to a Prison.

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, *Provost*; so, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the *Provost*; what's your will, good
Friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison; do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may minister
To them, accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman;
She is with child; *
And he, that got it, sentenc'd: a young man,
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.

I have provided for you; stay a while, [To Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair-one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

* We cannot help pronouncing the cause of that difficulty,
Claudio labours under, indecent; and therefore blameable.

Juliet.

22 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Juliet I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame?

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die, to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him;
So grace go with you! *benedicite.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and
pray,

To sev'ral subjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Isabel*: Heav'n's in my mouth,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming*?
How now, who's there? 'tis *Isabel*. O heav'ns!

* This soliloquy has some similitude to that of the King in *Hamlet*; to which it is certainly inferior, yet wants not considerable merit.

Why

MEASURE for MEASURE. 23

Why does my blood muster to my heart?
How now, fair maid?

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me,

Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Ev'n so?—Heav'n keep your Honour! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When? I beseech you that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetnesss, that do coin heav'n's image,
In stamps that are forbid.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And say you so? then I shall poze you, quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she, that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body, than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

A—.

24 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heav'n, let me bear it! you granting my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of yours answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you're ignorant;
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.*

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself:
But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross;
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law, and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body,
To this suppos'd; or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed,

* The manner in which *Angelo* winds about his vicious purpose, is artfully distant; he wants to save explanation on his side, by drawing *Isabella* to meet his meaning.

That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame. *

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way ;
Better it were a brother dy'd, at once ;
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence,
That you have slander'd so ?

Isab. An ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses ; lawful mercy, sure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. Oh pardon me, my Lord ; it oft falls out
To have what we would have, we speak not what we
mean :

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die.

Ang. Nay, women are frail, too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;
Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well ;
And from this testimony of your sex,
(Since, I suppose, we're made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold :
I do arrest your words ; be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well express'd,
By all external warrants, shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one ; gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language.

* The plausible, villainous sophistry of *Angelo*, is finely exposed,
by the ingenuous, immoveable, virtuous resolution of *Isabella*.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Ifab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, *Ifabel*, if you give me love.

Ifab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Ifab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world,
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Ifabel*?
My unfoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
'That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and * prolixious blushes,
'That banish what they sue for: redeem thy brother,
By yielding up thy body to my will:
Or, else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out,
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me, to-morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.

Ifab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O most perilous mouths,
'That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof:

* We think the word *prolixious* rather exceptionable, and are ready to deem *bashful* better.

Bidding the law make curt'sy to their will!
 I'll to my brother;
 Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down,
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, *Isabel*, live chaste; and, brother, die;
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of *Angelo's* request;
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit. *

* There is much spirit of nice honour in this soliloquy, and it powerfully engages, as the whole Act in its present state feelingly does, the strict attention of a judicious audience.

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

DUKE.

SO, then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd
 to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; or death, or life,
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life;
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
 That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skiey influences,
 That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict; meerly thou art death's fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
 For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork,

28 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more.
 Happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
 And what thou hast, forget'st.
 If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 * And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast none;
 For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
 The meer effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curie the *Gout*, *Sciatica*, and *Rheum*,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor
 age,
 But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even †.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
 And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. What, ho? peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

* This is an admirable idea of worldly minded men; bearing about that wealth, like asses, which at the unerring call of death they must be disburthened of. This speech requires peculiar weight of delivery.

† The Duke, in his address to *Claudio*, presents us with a very fine, and strictly moral, chain of reasoning; worthy the constant recollection of human nature, which thereby may be taught a just, yet not irreligious, contempt of death.

Duke.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word, or two, with *Claudio*.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. *Provost*, a word with you.

Provost. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them speak. [Exit *Duke* and *Provost*.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed:

Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,

Intends you for his swift ambassador;

Where you shall be an everlasting lieger.

Therefore your best appointment make with speed,

To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one, as you, consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Lest thou a sev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect,
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies*.

* *Shakespeare's* darling principle of humanity, is delightfully expressed here; in four lines we are instructed, as we fear death ourselves, not to be forward in administering it even to insects.

30 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? if I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Ifab. There spake my brother; there my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die;
Thou art too noble to conserve a life,
In base appliances. This outward fainted deputy,
Yet is a devil.

Claud. The princely *Angelo*?

Ifab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell.
Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Ifab. Yes, he would give't thee for this rank
offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time,
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st, to-morrow.

Claud. That shalt not do't.

Ifab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance,
As frankly as a pin*.

Claud. Thanks, dearest *Ifabel*.

Ifab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death, to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Ifab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh, *Ifabel*!

Ifab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

* *Ifabella*, in this scene, rises to a very peculiar degree of estimation, by her noble ideas, and spirited maintenance, of chastity.

Ifab.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 31

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where*:
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts †
Imagine howling—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise,
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live;
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. Oh faithless coward! oh dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
"Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? what should I think?
"Heav'n grant my mother play'd my father fair ‡!
"For such a warped slip of wilderness,
"Ne'er issu'd from his blood." Take my defiance:
Die, perish, might my only bending down,
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.

* The whole of *Claudio's* plea for dreading death, is fanciful and plausible, but rather too speculative; and somewhat dangerous for young, or timorous minds.

† In the preceding sentence, *Shakespeare* seems to point, in his words, *lawless* and *incertain* thoughts, a doubt of, or a satire against, received notions of future punishment.

‡ These distinguished lines, as blemishing the chaste ideas of *Isabella*, particularly that insinuation of a mother's frailty, should be left out; but the noble-spirited purport of her speech, amply atones for a greater slip of strict decency.

32 MEASURE for MEASURE.

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death ;
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Isabel*.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade ;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a sin ;
'Tis best, that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Isabella*.

To them, enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister ; but one word.

Isab. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would
by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction
I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay must be
stolen out of other affairs : but I will attend, you a
while.

Duke. [*Aside to Claudio.*] Son, I have over-heard what
hath past between you and your sister. *Angelo* had never
the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay
of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the dispo-
sition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her,
hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad
to receive : I am confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this
to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do
not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible ;
to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make
ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. Pardon, dearest
Isabel ; I am so-out of love with life, that I will sue to
be rid of it. [*Exit Claudio.*]

Duke. Hold you there ; farewell. *Provost*, a word
with you.

Prov. What's your will, father ?

Duke. That you will leave me a while with the maid :
my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch
her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit Provost.*]

Duke.

Duke. The hand, that made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that *Angelo* hath made on you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you, only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther; I have spirit to any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness is never fearful: have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the sister of *Frederick*, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreckt at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this beset to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother,

in

34 MEASURE for MEASURE.

in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness (that in all reason should have quenched her love) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for this attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 35

Isab. The image of it gives me content already ; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection*.

Duke. Haste you speedily to *Angelo* ; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to *St. Luke's* ; there at the moated grange resides this dejected *Mariana* ; fare you well.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort ; fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

† SCENE changes to the Street.

Re-enter Duke as a Friar, meeting Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. Oh, heavens ! what stuff is here ?

Elb. Come your way, Sir : bless you, good father *Friar*.

Duke. And you, good brother ; what offence hath this man made you, Sir ?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law ; and, Sir, we take him to be a bawd.

* If an effect similar to that of the Duke's proposition, in this scene, could have been otherwise brought about, it would have been better ; for though *Isabella* is made a well-intentioned, yet she is at present, to us, rather a forward and indelicate instrument ; however, if this objection is rather too nice, we submit it.

† This scene, till the clown, &c. go off, though retained in performance, should certainly be omitted ; it is low ribaldry, too insignificant to make even an upper gallery laugh ; and too indecent to bear.

Duke.

36 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou caus'est to be done,
That is thy means to live.

Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending! go, mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth stink in some sort, Sir; but
yet, Sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for
fin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, Sir; he has given
him warning; the deputy cannot abide a whore-mas-
ter; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him,
he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all faults!

Enter Lucio.

Clown. I spy comfort: I cry bail: here's a gentle-
man and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey*? what, at the wheels
of *Cæsar*? art thou led in triumph? what, is there
none of *Pigmalion's* images newly made women, to be
had now? how doth my dear morsel, thy mistress?
procures she still? ha. Art going to prison, *Pompey*?

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey*: farewell: go,
say, I sent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey*? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him; if imprisonment
be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is
he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Fare-
wel, good *Pompey*: commend me to the prison, *Pom-
pey*: you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you
will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good worship will be my
bail.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 37.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to increase your bondage; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty *Pompey*. Bless you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me, then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*! no, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar*? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go.

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, *Friar*, of the *Duke*?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of *Russia*; other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to wenching, would do no harm in him: something too crabbed, that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well aly'd; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

38 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him? would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your 'beggard of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducket in her clackdish. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk, too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a sly fellow was the Duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wife? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation; let him be but testified in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers

prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better; Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite; but, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me.

Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if *Claudio* die, to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a funnel? Farewel, good *Friar*; I pr'ythee, pray for me: the Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on *Friday*. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' she smelt of brown * bread and garlick: say, that I said so; farewel. [Exit]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality,
Can censure scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue †?

Enter Escalus, Provost.

† *Escal. Provost*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* must die, to-morrow: if my brother wrought by my pity, it would not be so with him.

* *Lucio*, in this sentence, is most offensively gross.

† The Duke plays upon *Lucio's* forward, flippant, lying braggadocio disposition, finely in this scene; and his conclusive remark on the irresistible force of scandal, is indisputably just; for the most exalted, as well as the lowest stations, are leveled and subjected to its envenomed darts.

† This scene should begin here; the preceding half-dozen speeches are rather a low intrusion upon attention.

Prov. So please you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order come from the see of *Rome*,
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke. * None, but that there is so great a fever on
goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty
is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be
aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be con-
stant in any undertaking. Much upon this riddle
runs the wisdom of the world; this news is old enough,
yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what
disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes,
Contended specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he giv'n to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than
merry at any thing which profess to make him rejoice.
A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to
his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous;
and let me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* pre-
par'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent
him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister mea-
sure from his judge, but most willingly humbles him-
self to the determination of justice; yet had he fram'd
to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many de-
ceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure,
have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

* The Duke's remarks here, are very sensible, and well suited
to the present times; Novelty, having never been in any age or
country more worshipped, than at this day, when frippery orna-
ments and entertainment for the body, are preferred to wholesome
food for the mind.

Escal.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 41

Ejcal. You have paid the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the good gentleman; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Ejcal. I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you well. [Exit.]

Duke. Peace be with you!
He who the sword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as severe *:

More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking,
Kills for faults of his own liking.

Twice treble shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward side!

Craft against vice I must apply.
With *Angelo* to-night, shall lie
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall by th' disguis'd,
Pay with falshood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.]

* The sentiments of this soliloquy are just and instructive; but the namby-pamby versification, in which they are conveyed to our apprehension, is abominable.

† This Act, save the second scene, which we have objected to, is written with great ability, and contains some as fine sentiments as ever *Shakespeare* penned.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *A Grange.**Enter Duke and Isabella, meeting.*

DUKE.

VERY well met, and well come *:

What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden with a vineyard backt;
 And to that vineyard is a planced gate,
 That makes his opening with this bigger key:
 This other doth command a little door,
 Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
 There, on the heavy middle of the night,
 Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
 With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
 In action all of precept, he did shew me
 The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
 Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none; but only a repair i'th' dark;
 And that I have possess't him, my most stay
 Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
 I have a servant comes with me along,
 That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
 I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
 I have not yet made known to *Mariana*,
 A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
 She comes to do you good.

* There are some speeches and a song, previons to this, properly left out; the Act begins better here.

Isab.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do; and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand.
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Maria. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mar. and Isab.*]

Duke. Oh place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are struck upon thee volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests;
Upon thy doings: thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! welcome; how agreed?

* *Re-enter Mariana, and Isabel.*

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say.
When you depart from him, but soft and low,

"Remember now my brothers."

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all;
He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Such that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap; for yet our tilth's to sow. [*Exeunt.*]

* The return of *Mariana* and *Isabel*, is much too sudden;
there should have been a pause, of at least eight or ten lines
more than the *Duke's* soliloquy, to give them probable time for
their purpose.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can; but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorson*! where's *Abhorson*, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you, to-morrow, in your execution. He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 45

tery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abbor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof——

Abbor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief,
Clown: if it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your ax, to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abbor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. [Exit.

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer.

Enter Claudio.

* Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow,
Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

* We could wish all the preceding part of this scene omitted, as trifling, or rather worse; and that *Claudio's* meeting the *Provost* should begin it. We suppose several parts which are retained, as well as this, owe their preservation to a fear of shortening the play, too much; not any merit they possess.

Prov.

46 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Exit Claudio.*]
Heav'n give your spirits comfort! —
Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night,
Envelop you, good *Provost*! who call'd here, of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabel*?

Prov. No.

Duke. She will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There is some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd,
Ev'n with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his pow'r
To qualify in others. Were he meal'd
With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.

[*Knock again. Provost goes out.*]

This is a gentle *Provost*; seldom when
The steel'd gaoler is the friend of men.
How now? what noise? that spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds th' unrelenting postern with these strokes.

[*Provost returns.*]

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio*, yet,
But he must die, to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning. *Provost*, as it is,
You shall hear more, ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe there comes
No countermand;
Lord *Angelo* hath to the public ear,
Profest the contrary.

Enter

MEASURE for MEASURE. 47

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good-morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him.

[*Exit Messen.*]

Duke. Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord *Angelo*, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the Letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be daily performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one, that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov.

48 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution; but it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him, anon. There is written in your brow, *Provost*, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law, than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio's*, to cross this, in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the head, and say it was the desire of the penitent, before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you, upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it, with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Substitutes.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 49

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it, at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd! * put not yourself into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy, when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Abhorson and Clown.

Abbor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Master *Barnardine*, you must rise, and be hang'd, master *Barnardine*.

Abbor. What, ho, *Barnardine*!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! who makes that noise there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you must be so good, Sir, to rise, and be put to death.

* This short break, in the Duke's speech, is very beautiful; it is a well-timed relief to, and pleasing gratification of, attention

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H h

Barnar.

50 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abbor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abbor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine. *

Abbor. Is the ax upon the block, firrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abborson*! what's the news with you?

Abbor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking, all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abbor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. *Friar*, not I: I have been drinking hard, all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die, this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

* *Barnardine*, though natural, is a character of that cast we deem unworthy both of the stage and closet.

Barnar.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 51

Barnar. I swear, I will not die, to-day, for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I, to-day.

[*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There dy'd, this morning, of a cruel fever,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio's* years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: What if we omit
This reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides;
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on,
Prefix by *Angelo*: see, this be done,
And sent according to command; while I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently;
But how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*.
[*Exit Prov.*

H h

Now

52 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,
 (The *Provost*, he shall bear them;) whose contents
 Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
 And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
 To enter publicly: him I'll desire
 To meet me at the consecrated fount,
 A league below the city; and from thence,
 By cold gradation and weal-balanc'd form,
 We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift return;
 For I would commune with you of such things,
 That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed.

[*Exit.*]

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Isabella*.—She comes to know,
 If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
 But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
 To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
 When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Ho, by your leave——

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
 daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man:
 Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabel*, from the world;
 His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so?

Duke. It is no other.

Isab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Isabel*!
 Injurious world, most damned *Angelo*!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
 Forbear it, therefore, give your cause to heav'n:
 Mark what I say; which you shall surely find

By

By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home, to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our Convent, and his Confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace your
wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.

Isab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to Friar *Peter* give,
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At *Mariana's* house, to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes,
With a light heart; trust not my holy Order,
If I pervert your course.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even;

Friar, where's the *Provost*?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart,
to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient; I am
fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not
for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would
set me to't. But, they say, the Duke will be here, to-
morrow. By my troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy brother:
if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners, had been
at home, he had liv'd. [*Exit Isabella.*]

H h 3

Duke.

54 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. *Friar*, thou knowest not the Duke, so well as I do; he's a better woodman, than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well; you'll answer this, one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him, for getting a wench with child. *

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's-end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.* †]

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ, hath disvouch'd the other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness: pray heav'n, his wisdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it, an hour before his entring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

* There is too much child-getting in this piece.

† There is considerable pleasantry suggested in this short scene, between the *Duke* and *Lucio*.

Escal.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 55

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſon for that; to have a diſpatch of complaints.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd, be- times i'th' morn; I'll call you at your houſe: give notice to ſuch men of fort and ſuit, as are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, Sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deſloured maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law againſt it! But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her:
For my authority bears a credent bulk;
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might in the time to come have ta'en revenge,
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. Would yet, he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.*

[*Exit.* †]

* After this ſoliloquy, there is a page of immaterial import left out, which makes the fourth act end much better.

† The Fourth Act has not, in our view, ſo much merit as the Third, yet does not ſink, ſo as to pall, in any ſhape; though the writing is not ſo nervous and fanciful, the progressive circumſtances of the plot riſe well.

A C T

56 MEASURE for MEASURE.

A C T V.

SCENE, *a public Place near the City.*

Enter Duke, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, at several doors.

D U K E.

MY very worthy cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal
Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both;
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice; that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh your desert speaks loud. *

Give me your hand;
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Escalus*;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out.*]

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel
before him.

* These lines ought to be spoken;

*And I should wrong it;
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion.*

Isab.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke; vail * your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid;
Oh, worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice. †

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom?
be brief:

Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me, yourself; for that which I must speak,
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: oh, hear me, hear me.

Ang. My Lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. Course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak;
That *Angelo's* forsworn: is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murth'rer: is't not strange?
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater:
Is it not strange, and strange? ‡

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth,
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her; poor soul!
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'it
There is another comfort than this world,

* *Vail*—for cast.

† These emphatic repetitions of the word *Justice!* are well imagined, and have a fine, forceable effect.

‡ This speech is very feelingly written, and requires the expression of strong sensibility.

58 MEASURE for MEASURE.

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As *Angelo*; even so may *Angelo*,
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason,
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.
What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd, upon the Act of Fornication,
To lose his head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one *Lucio*
Was then the messenger——

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

[To *Lucio*.

Lucio. No, my good Lord, nor wish'd to hold my
peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have

A busi-

MEASURE for MEASURE. 59

A business for yourself, pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right. *

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong,
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter——proceed.

Isab. In brief; (to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;
For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.

He would not, but by gift of my chaste person,
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn, betimes,
His purpose forfeiting, he sends a warrant,
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemence he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:

* *Lucio's* coxcomical forwardness has always a very pleasant effect, in representation; to give him his due, the last scene would be very flat, without him; his reasoning, here and there, is rather too high, but in general palatable.

60 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Confess the truth, and say, by whose advice,
Thou cam'st here to complain.*

Isab. And is this All?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: heav'n shield your Grace from woe!
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer!
To prison with her; shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? this needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick*?

Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my Lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace,
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This is a good *Friar* belike;
And to set on this wretched woman here,
Against our Substitute! let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my Lord, she and that *Friar*,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy *Friar*,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;

* The Duke's strong scruples, to credit *Isabella's* heavy charge,
is finely imagin'd, to render *Angelo's* situation more interesting.

And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My Lord, most villainously; believe it.

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my Lord,
Of a strange fever.

As for this woman;
To justify this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
'Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.

Do you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*? *

O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools!——

Give us some seats; come, cousin *Angelo*,

In this I will be partial: be you Judge,

Of your own cause. Is this the witness, *Friar*?

[*Isabella is carried off, guarded.*]

Enter Mariana, veil'd.

First, let her shew her face; and after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord, I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid,
widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My Lord, she may be a punk; for many of
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. †

* The progressive steps to *Angelo's* detection, keep expectation in play, and bring the result upon us with more force.

† *Lucio's* pert interruptions, through this scene, are very laughable and characteristic.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd; And I confess besides, I am no maid; I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not, That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord *Angelo*.

Mari. Now I come to't, my Lord.

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband. [To Marian.]

Mari. Why, just, my Lord; and that is *Angelo*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse; let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body,
That took away the match from *Isabel*;
And did supply thee,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage,
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,

Partly,

Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition ; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd,
In levity ; since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from
breath ;

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue ;
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly,
As words could make up vows ;
As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees ;
Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile, 'till now.
Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of justice ;
My patience here is touch'd ; I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mighty member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart ;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone ; think'st thou, thy oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation ? You, Lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains,
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar*, that set them on ;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord ! for he indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint :
Your *Provost* knows the place where he abides ;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it, instantly.

And, you, my noble and well-warranted Cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries, as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I, for a while,
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determin'd upon these slanderers. *

[*Exit.*

Escal. My Lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Signior *Lucio*,
did not you say, you knew that Friar *Lodowick* to be a
dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*; honest in no-
thing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke most
villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here, till he
come; we shall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here, once again: I would
speak with her; pray you, my Lord, give me leave to
question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her pri-
vately, she should sooner confess; perchance, publicly
she'll be ashamed.

*Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost; Isabella
is brought in.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light, at mid-
night.

Escal. Come on, mistress; here's a gentlewoman de-
nies all that you have said.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of,
here with the *Provost*.

* This encouragement, and peculiar countenance, shewn to
Angelo, is a judicious preparation to render his situation more
striking, at the catastrophe.

Escal.

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Eſcal. In very good time: ſpeak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum——

Eſcal. Come, Sir, did you ſet theſe women on, to ſlander Lord *Angelo*? they have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great place! and let the devil Be ſometime honour'd; for his burning throne. Where is the Duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak: Look, you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt. But oh, poor ſouls, Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox? Good-night to your redreſs: is the Duke gone? Then is your cauſe gone too. The Duke's unjuſt, Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal, And put your trial in the villain's mouth, Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he, I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar*, Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women, T'accuſe this worthy man, but with foul mouth, To call him villain; and then glance from him, To th' Duke himſelf, to tax him with injuſtice? Take him hence; to th' rack with him: we'll touze you, Joint by joint, but we will know his purpoſe: What? unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the Duke dare no more ſtretch This finger of mine, then he dare rack his own: His ſubject am I not, Nor here provincial; my buſineſs in this ſtate, Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*; Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble, 'Till it o'er-run the ſlew:

Eſcal. Slander to th' ſtate! away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, Signior

Lucio?

Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

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Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate;

Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your voice; I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notably, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? and was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to prison; away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay, a-while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying rascal; you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you; show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad't a Duke.

First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three. Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you Must have a word, anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down: [To *Escalus*.]

We'll

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We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave:

[To Angelo.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible;
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes*: then, good Prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame;
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana*:

Say; wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her, instantly.
Do you the office, *Friar*; which consummate,
Return him here again: go with him, *Provost*.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, *Mariana*, *Peter*, and *Provost*.

Escal. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Isabel*.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Isabel*:

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart,
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life;
Oh, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,

* *Passes*, for ways.

Enter

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Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort;
So, happy is your brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*

Ifab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon,
For *Mariana's* sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being criminal, in double violation,
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out,
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifested;
Which tho' thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death; and with like haste;
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious Lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Altho' by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my Liege—

* This marriage is celebrated in a very short improbable space of time; but as the author was here circumstanced, he could not well allow more.

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Duke. You do but lose your labour:
Away with him to death.

Mari. Oh, my good Lord. Sweet *Isabel*, take my
part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her;
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,

Oh, *Isabel*! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir,

[*Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
'That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intent, but meerly thoughts.

Mari. Meerly, my Lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded,
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good Lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord.

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in th' prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by *Claudio*:
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Escal. I'm sorry, one so learned and so wise,
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Prov. This, my Lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And squar'st thy life according: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.

What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudio* as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake

[*To Isab.*

Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, Lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

[*To Lucio.*

One of all luxury, an ass, a mad-man;

Wherein

Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my Lord. I spoke it but according to the trick; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore: your Highness said, even now, I made you a Duke; good my Lord, do not recompense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her:
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my Lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a Prince deserves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, *Mariana*: love her, *Angelo*:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Escalus*, for thy much goodness:
Thanks, *Provost*, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place*:

Dear

* The Duke's disposition of affairs and characters, is not only strictly just, but exceedingly pleasing, and well fulfils the title of the piece: the five distinguished lines, which conclude, are an addition, by whom we know not; however, they afford a better finishing, than that supplied by *Shakspeare*; upon the whole of this play, for we cannot stile it either Tragedy or Comedy, there are several great beauties, clouded with much trifling and indecent dialogue: it must always be heavy to the majority of an audience; yet, purged of impurities and superfluities, as we hope the readers will find it, in this edition, it may be entertaining and instructive in the closet; to royal and princely characters it offers a most valuable

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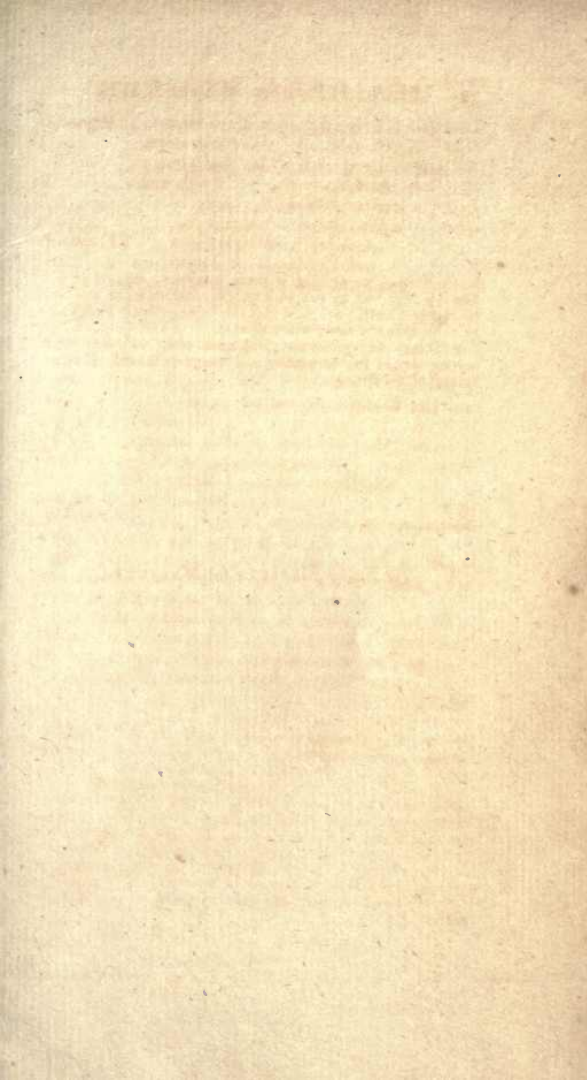
Dear *Isabel*, I have a motion much imports your good,
Shade not, sweet saint, those graces with a veil,
Nor in a Nunnery bide thee; say thou'rt mine;
Thy Duke, thy Friar, tempts thee from thy vows.
Let thy clear spirit shine in publick life;
No cloister'd sister, but thy Prince's Wife.

[*Exeunt.* †

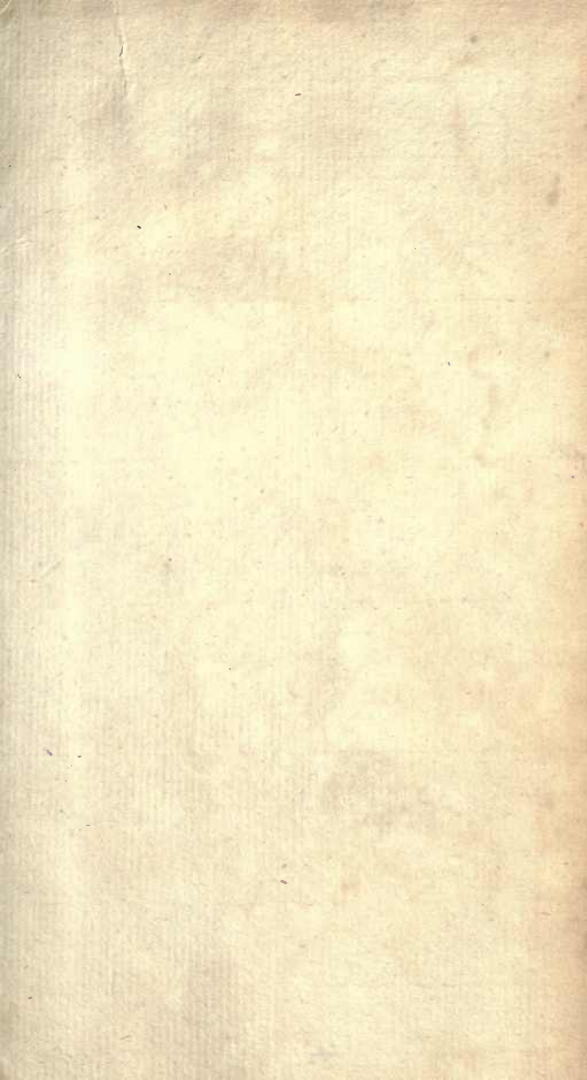
liable truth—that nothing is more dangerous, than to trust a seemingly virtuous statesman with too extensive powers of rule over his fellow-subjects; delegated authority being generally more liable to abuse, than the power which gives it.

† Though we approve the catastrophe, when unfolded, yet it appears tedious in the winding up; wherefore the last act seems heaviest of the five.

The End of MEASURE for MEASURE.







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